WILSHIRE'S

Volumes 14 - 17
Jan. 1910 - Feb. 1915

Introduction to the Greenwood reprint by

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Greenwood Reprint Corporation
Westport, Connecticut
1970

Introduction

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JANUARY, 1910 FIVE CENTS

WILSHIRE'S

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

UNCLE SAM'S KATZENJAMMER KIDS

It is equally a matter of common knowledge that under the régime of President Zelaya, republican institutions have ceased in Nicaragua to exist, except in name; that public opinion and the press have been throttled, and that prison has been the reward of any tendency to real patriotism. —Secretary of State Knox to Nicaraguan Minister at Washington.

Special Report on Bishop Creek Mine

By ERNEST UNTERMANN

BISHOP, INYO CO., CAL., Dec. 3, 1909.

To the Directors and Stockholders of the Bishop Creek Gold Company, 200 William Street, New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

The roads to the camp from the town of Bishop are in good condition, and the grade is easy, so that the problem of transportation offers no difficulties. The roads from Bishop to the railroad station at Laws are level and smooth.

The Camp.

The camp is situated in an ideal place, close to the water supply, which furnishes plenty of power for all the machinery of the establishment and satisfies all present and future needs of the mine.

The following buildings are now occupied: Two bunk houses capable of accommodating 32 men; a boarding house, consisting of a large dining room, kitchen and one living room; a large cellar and store room are connected with the boarding house; the office building, containing on the first floor the main office, a private office, a laboratory and assay room, and on the second floor four sleeping rooms and a bath; a barn, a stable large enough to accommodate eight horses, and an additional store room; two small dwelling houses.

The plant consists of a compressor plant in a building 25 by 60 feet, in which the following machinery is installed: One three-drill Leyner Compressor and one eight-drill Duplex Sullivan Compressor, both of which are driven by a five-foot Pelton wheel, a sixty light generator driven by a twelve-inch Pelton wheel.

The large Pelton wheel is driven by water supplied by a twelve-inch pipeline with a 410 foot head, the water being taken a distance of about one-half mile from North Lake.

An up-to-date and complete blacksmith shop is erected close to the shaft. Close to it stands the shaft house with a hoisting plant with a 6 by 8 Leyner hoist and accessory equipment.

The Mine.

A double-compartment shaft, each compartment measuring 5 by 5 feet in the clear, timbered in square sets, is driven to a depth of 310 feet.

The mouth of the shaft is situated on the Rising Sun Claim, almost in the center of this claim. Approximately 14 feet east of the collar of the shaft is the point at which was started Drill Hole No. 2, which tapped the ore body in the main ledge.

At a depth of 188 feet from the mouth of the shaft the first level is driven to a length of 159 feet south and 83 feet north. This level taps the ore body at the station and follows it up on both sides of the station north and south. The average dimension of this level is about 5 by 7 feet, and it shows the size of the ore body to be six to eight feet wide at the station. Fifty-eight feet south of the station this ore body widened to sixteen feet, as shown by a cross cut at that point. The ore extends about 30 feet north of the station on this level and has about the same average width as at the station.

The ore consists of a hard quartz heavily charged with sulphites, which yields readily to the drills in spite of its hardness and offers no difficulties to the cyanide process.

A second level is driven at a depth of 290 feet from the mouth of the shaft to a length of 90 feet in a southerly direction. It taps the ore body at a distance of 50 feet from the station. At a point 50 feet from the shaft a north drift is blocked out, which has now reached a length of 20 feet. The ore at this station is of the same general character as that of the first level. At the tapping point the ore body is about eight feet wide and is intersected by a small basalt dyke about three feet in width, along which the ore feeds from the main body in both directions. Going south the ore body so far has held its width. The indications are at present that it will also hold its width in a northerly direction.

There are other and smaller cross cuts made in both levels for the purpose of testing the width of the ore body.

This approximately represents the mining development completed up to the present date. The principal development work is being pushed on the second level, and ore is accumulated on the dump from this level. This dump also contains the ore taken so far out of the first level.

The Values.

For the purpose of testing the actual values in this ore, the undersigned went into both levels and selected samples at random from all parts over the whole width of the ore body. These samples were chipped directly from the ore body itself. Four samples were taken from each level and one from the dump. The stations selected by the undersigned in both levels were the following:

Sample No. 1, face of first level south.

Sample No. 2, 100 feet south of shaft on first level.

Sample No. 3, 58 feet south of shaft on first level.

Sample No. 4, station on first level.

Sample No. 5, 76 feet south of shaft on second level.

Sample No. 6, 65 feet south of shaft on second level.

Sample No. 7, 55 feet south of shaft on second level.

Sample No. 8, entrance to fourth drift on second level.

Sample No. 9, dump.

It was impossible to pick out any particular spot of the ore body by its color or surface indications because the whole body is covered with a gray slime and mud, which gives it a uniform color throughout. In order to ascertain the actual extension of the ore body, frequent assays are necessary. Its limits are not clearly defined by the different colors of the dyke matter. Under these circumstances some of the samples were probably taken very close to the outer edge of the ore body.

Each sample was placed in a separate ore bag by the undersigned himself and labeled. All the samples were taken by him to the office and there crushed and quartered in his presence. The pulp was then divided in half. One-half was left in the hands of the company's chemist, the other taken to the assay office of A. M. Strong in Bishop. Each chemist assayed the samples independently of the other.

The results of both assays are as follows:

	Office Chemist.	Mr. Strong.
Sample No. 1.....	$1.03 per ton	$2.12
Sample No. 2.....	4.34 per ton	3.38
Sample No. 3.....	15.30 per ton	15.85
Sample No. 4.....	6.61 per ton	5.05
Sample No. 5.....	39.05 per ton	34.85
Sample No. 6.....	21.91 per ton	19.94
Sample No. 7.....	2.27 per ton	1.70
Sample No. 8.....	12.40 per ton	10.04
Sample No. 9.....	17.15 per ton	18.30
General average...	$13.45 per ton	$12.36

The vast bulk of this value is gold, with but an infinitesimal fraction of silver.

General Conclusions.

The development done so far demonstrates the actual existence of a strong and practically uniform ore body of great width and strength, which extends downward to an unknown depth. The increase of the values on the second level is a fair indication of a continuation of this ore body to a far greater depth. Whether the values will continue to increase with depth cannot be said with as much certainty as it may be said that there is an almost certain probability of their continuing at the same average for a great depth.

Taking these interior results in connection with the exceptionally favorable surface indications it may be said without exaggeration that this mine bids fair to excel any that have been discovered in this section of the country.

It is far easier to become enthusiastic over it than to estimate its possibilities with a calm and cool judgment.

But leaving aside all calculations of probable better showings than those made so far I feel perfectly safe in recommending the installation of a stamp mill with a capacity of about 30 to 50 tons of ore per day, which quantity can now be supplied from the mine in its present stage of development. At the same time the development should be continued to a greater depth.

ERNEST UNTERMANN.

NOTE.—*Ernest Untermann has had many years' experience in gold mining in all parts of the world. He is a well-known Socialist of long standing, and served several years as a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. He is a highly educated man, being a graduate of the University of Berlin, and is the author of many high-class treatises on Socialist economics and philosophy, among which may be mentioned: "The World's Revolutions," "Marxian Economics," "Socialist Dialectics," and many others. Untermann has done an enormous amount of the most valuable translation work also, including the second and third volumes of Marx' "Das Kapital," Engels' "Origin of the Family," and several volumes of the Philosophical Essays of Joseph Dietzgen. By many Socialists, and those best able to appreciate his work, Untermann is considered as one of the very foremost Socialist scholars of the world.*

G. W.

FROM DR. McQUEEN, OF BISHOP

Bishop, California, Nov. 24, 1909.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ., New York.

Dear Sir:—Quite a party of us went up to the mine last Sunday and went through it and took samples from the first level, 168 ft., and across the ledge of 15 feet we got an average of $11.27. On the second level, 268 feet, we took samples across the face of the drift which is 8 feet, and it assayed $34.38. We also took one sample from the bucket. That went $7.50. The samples were taken by my friend, U. G. Smith, a competent mining man.

Everyone in the party was more than pleased with the appearance of the mine and the manner with which it is managed, and when they saw the returns they all agreed that the Bishop Creek mine was past the prospect stage. Everyone around town today is talking Wilshire Mine.

Allow me to personally congratulate you on the good fortune that seems inevitable to come to the mine and to you.

Yours truly,

J. S. McQUEEN.

NOTE.—*Dr. McQueen is about the most prominent Socialist in Bishop.—G. W.*

WARNING!

Buy no Bishop Stock from irresponsible and unauthorized brokers.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

"LET·THE·NATION·OWN·THE TRUSTS"

WILSHIRE'S

GAYLORD WILSHIRE
·Editor·

Vol. XIV No. 1 NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1910 Price, 5 Cents per Copy

"JOHN D." AN ADVENTURE

By UPTON SINCLAIR

CHARACTERS: "JOHN D."
THE AUTHOR.
A CHAUFFEUR.

SCENE: *A lonely place upon a beach in Southern California. Round about are sand-dunes—the ocean in the background.*

AT RISE: *The sounds of an automobile heard, off left a horn also.*

CHAUFFEUR. (*Off*). Be careful, children! Let that horn alone!

JOHN D. (*Off*). This seems to be a very pleasant place.

CHAUFFEUR. (*Off*). Yes, sir.

JOHN D. (*enters, followed by chauffeur carrying a canvas "beach-chair" with canopied top, and a valise. John D. is the most greedy-looking, most lonely-looking and the most unhappy-loking old man in the world. He is inconspicuously dressed, and has a deprecating, shambling manner—gazing behind him nervously now and then. He is bald, with a brown wig.*) This will do very well, Pierre.

CHAUFFEUR. Yes, sir.

JOHN D. Put it this way—that s right. The bag over here.

CHAUFFEUR. Very good, sir.

JOHN D. Thank you. (*Sits in chair and sighs.*) Ah!

CHAUFFEUR. Is that all, sir?

JOHN D. That's all—I'll read a while now. And oh, by the way, Pierre, when we go home we'll run over to the depot first. I am to meet some one there.

CHAUFFEUR. Very good, sir. (*Stopping.*) Oh—no! I forgot sir——

JOHN D. Hey?

CHAUFFEUR. I did not know that you intended to take a long ride. I fear we haven't enough gasoline.

JOHN D. Oh dear me! How is that?

CHAUFFEUR. You spoke only of the run down the beach, sir. And I thought——

JOHN D. You should *never* start without a full supply, Pierre.

CHAUFFEUR. Yes, sir—it was very careless. But the supply at the garage was low, and there was no time—it won't happen again, sir.

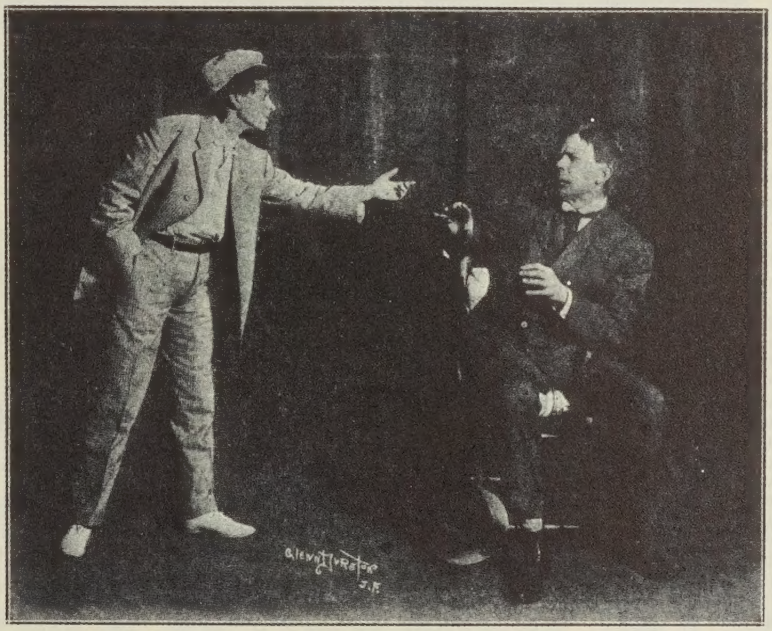
JOHN D. How annoying! What can I do? (*Hesitates.*) I simply must go to the depot to meet someone there. I suppose we'll have to go back for it.

CHAUFFEUR. If you will pardon me, sir——

JOHN D. Well?

CHAUFFEUR. It won't take me but half an hour to make the run and get a supply——

JOHN D. (*nervously*). No, no! You know I never like to be left alone. (*Gazes about.*) But—I don't know—it seems a quiet place——



"And I—I am the Author"

CHAUFFEUR. There is not the slightest chance of your meeting anyone here.

JOHN D. (*continues to peer about in every direction*). I don't like it. But I simply must meet that man. It's very trying. What is that over there, Pierre?

CHAUFFEUR. It's just a dead stump, sir.

JOHN D. Oh, yes. Well—perhaps—I guess it's all right. You'll be quick, will you?

CHAUFFEUR. Yes, sir.

JOHN D. Permit no delay!

CHAUFFEUR. No, sir.

JOHN D. And if anything should happen, get another car at once.

CHAUFFEUR. Very good, sir. You may trust me.

JOHN D. And tell mademoiselle not to let the children go far away.

CHAUFFEUR. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

JOHN D. Ah me! Ah me! (*Settles himself in chair.*) My! my! It *is* warm! (*Mops face, then takes off wig and mops head. Opens grip, takes out newspapers and magazines. As an afterthought takes out revolver and slips into pocket. Gazes about nervously. Takes up paper and reads; shakes head despairingly.*) Think of it! Think of it! (*Striking paper with his hand.*) Twenty-nine million dollars! Twenty-nine million dollars! (*Drops paper, stares into space.*) The world is going mad! (*Takes up another paper.*) "The Senator admits that he was paid the fifty thousand dollars by the Company, but declares that it was a perfectly legitimate fee for legal services." (*Shaking his head.*) Oh dear me! That was a terrible blunder! These over-zealous subordinates! (*Drops paper in despair; takes up magazine and gazes long.*) John D., by Ida T. (*Shakes head.*) Deliver me! (*Reads.*) "This man has been the greatest single corrupting force in American political life. A sinister and corroding influence——" Upon my soul! Can't I find anything at all to read? (*Takes another magazine.*) The latest discoveries of investigators in the Egyptian pyramids. Well! I guess that'll do all right! (*Settles himself to read, and sighs.*) Ah!

THE AUTHOR (*enters L., strolling. He is young, and of pleasant aspect, with fine sensitive features, and all those desirable qualities which the Author would fain persuade himself that he possesses. He wears a careless outing costume, and stands watching*). Good afternoon.

JOHN D. (*starts violently*). Oh! (*Claps hand to revolver in pocket.*)

THE AUTHOR. Good afternoon, sir.

JOHN D. (*agitated*). Ah—oh! I had no idea there was anyone about.

THE AUTHOR. I was lying back there among the trees—dreaming over a book. (*Pleasantly.*) This is a favorite lounging place of mine.

JOHN D. Oh—really! I—that is—I hope I have not intruded——

THE AUTHOR. Oh—quite the contrary! It was pleasant to watch the children playing. They make a charming picture.

JOHN D. (*with a nervous gesture*). Er—yes—very.

THE AUTHOR. They are your grandchildren, I presume?

JOHN D. Yes.

THE AUTHOR. I though so. (*A pause.*) And you are John D., are you not?

JOHN D. (*hesitatingly*). I am.

THE AUTHOR. I thought so! I saw you at the hotel. And I—— (*With a genial smile.*) I am the Author!

JOHN D. Indeed.

THE AUTHOR. Yes. It is a most fortunate encounter! (*He seats himself, leaning against a mound of sand. The other never takes his eyes from him.*) You know, John D., I have often thought that I should like to meet you—to meet you in a quiet way—like this.

JOHN D. Ah?

THE AUTHOR. Really, I don't know that there is anyone in the world I should be more interested in talking with.

JOHN D. Indeed, sir!

THE AUTHOR. I don't know if it would be possible to make you understand it. But see! All your life you have been a man of action. You have lived among concrete facts — done practical things. On the other hand, my concern is with the imagination. My own self—that is nothing. My interest is in life—*all* life. My business is with human souls. (*Eagerly.*) Don't you see? I meet a man—a creature in this or that environment — and I begin to imagine about him—to put myself in his place. I say: He would feel this or that—he would act thus and so. And I become fascinated by the problem. I forget everything else. I really become another person—his inmost, deepest self, I mean—that nobody but his God is acquainted with. For, of course, I have nothing to do with shams or superficialities—the thousands of wrappings and disguises we keep about ourselves, the fictions we build up out of ourselves. I want the real man—I won't be put off with anything else. I track him out—as you might track a wild animal. I follow him over hill and dale until at last I come upon him, in his inmost lair, and surprise him there—asleep! He leaps up—but he's cornered! I have him at last—ha, ha, ha! Do you see?

JOHN D. Yes—I see. It's—er—rather disconcerting.

THE AUTHOR (*laughing*). Oh, don't be afraid! All I want to do is to look at him. That's all I ask of life, you know—just to behold it, and to wonder at it. Life is such a strange thing. It comes and it goes—we don't know why, nor how, nor where. Here it is, and then—that's all! And we have only this flash of recognition—this realization—this bit of interest, of excitement. Why not make the most of it, John D.—and exchange a greeting across the abyss?

The Masters of Men

By HARRY H. KEMP

We are the masters of men, before us the laws stand dumb;
We order, "Go,"—men go. We whisper, "Come,"—men come!
Ours is the lumber camp where the wood-road's devious track
Goes winding past the pines and the gloomy tamarack,
And great-stacked mills we hold, where clouds of black smoke pour
And fiery snakes of steel race over an iron floor,
And packing houses huge where kine and swine are slain,
And the thousand thousand ships that plow the barren main,
And elevators tall where farmers sell their wheat,
And long far-vistaed rails which roar with iron feet,
And great department stores where many counters stand
Laden down with stuffs as soft as a woman's hand. . . .
For we are the masters of men: we bend the world to our will,
And ever our magic touch hath golden virtue still,
And ever the people slave that they might live and eat. . . .
And we fill them with party lies. . . . And still continue to cheat!

JOHN D. This is really very curious!

THE AUTHOR. Yes, but you happen to be one of the souls that I have imagined—that I think I know. I have even fancied that I know more about you than you know about yourself; that I might serve to interpret you *to* yourself. For you are a very ignorant man, you know. Please don't misunderstand that—I say it in a perfectly friendly way. Your life has not given you time to roam and to speculate; so you might be interested to know what the imagination would have to say about you.

JOHN D. (*frightened, yet fascinated*). Why—er—yes.

THE AUTHOR (*gravely*). You are, unless I am mistaken, a very unhappy man. Aren't you?

JOHN D. (*startled*). Unhappy?

THE AUTHOR. You are profoundly and terribly unhappy. So unhappy that you don't dare to acknowledge it to yourself. You are thoroughly cowed before the fact—you wake up in the night, and it's like a black fiend sitting at your bedside. You can't bring yourself to face it—it would blast your faith in life. (*Gazes intensely; a silence.*) It is as if you were tormented by furies—as if a curse were hanging over you. You are in the grip of some colossal force—something elemental, blind, atheistic—quite beyond the power of your petty little religious ideas to explain. The fruit of life has turned to ashes in your mouth. (*A pause.*) You wished to express yourself, to accomplish things in the world; and you sought for the power—and the power has come to you. More than to any other man in the world! And instead of joy it has brought you misery unutterable—fear and loneliness. You can't use this power—you dare not even try. It is using you—it is overwhelming you. And here you are—the real you—crouching in a corner—amid all the din and confusion—a helpless little soul, craving sympathy. If men could only see you as you are, they would weep for you; and yet not all your money would buy you a voice to tell them.

JOHN D. (*lost in thought*). No! No!

THE AUTHOR. Would you like me to explain all this? (*A pause.*) You don't need to answer. I can read it in your eyes. I said you were lonely. You are the loneliest man in the world. And all because of this power which you can't use, and which you can't let anyone else use. Stop and think a moment. All this money that you own—what does it mean? It is the oportunity of life to millions of human beings. The young man who wishes to marry—the old man who wshes to keep out of the poor house—the mother who is struggling to escape from the brothel. All of these human impulses, these hungers and agonies, are dependent upon the money you have, and which they have not. And they see it, and they hate you—because you thwart them! Don't you see?

JOHN D. (*weakly*). I—how——

THE AUTHOR. It doesn't depend upon you. It doesn't matter what sort of man you are. It doesn't matter whether you gamble and play the races, or whether you sing hymns and teach Sunday-school. If the Angel Gabriel himself owned a half-billion dollars he would be an object of execration. And particularly if he'd had to get it in the world of business. They say that you have half a billion dollars. Let us phrase it more clearly—let us say that you have half a billion life opportunities. And other people must have them; and you must guard them! So you have the secret of your loneliness—the force

that separates you from your fellow men—you are besieged by greed and trickery—by parasites and plunderers!—people who flatter you and fawn upon you—seeking your favor! Trying to get their hands into the treasure-chest—where the life opportunities are kept! And so you become suspicious and solitary; you learn to read evil in every advance. You see all your relatives, seated about like vultures, waiting for you to die. You wonder even if your own son be not eager for the time when the reins of power will be his!

JOHN D. (*shrinkingly*). Oh!

THE AUTHOR. Ah! That was a home thrust, was it! Well,—we won't pursue it. But you see what I mean. This money of yours—it's the most terrible burden in the world.

JOHN D. (*eagerly*). Yes! Yes!

THE AUTHOR. And you'd get rid of it if you could.

JOHN D. Yes!

THE AUTHOR. Ah! But would you? Do you think that you could really bear to give it up? Why, what would there be left of you? (*A pause.*) I thought so! But anyhow—you can't give it up. It's like a bull that you have by the horns. What I'm trying to point out to you is that it's an unnatural state of affairs—something monstrous and unbearable—that one man should own and control the life opportunities of so many other men—and that without having the least idea what to do with them!

JOHN D. But, my dear sir——

THE AUTHOR. Mind, brother! I'm not blaming you for it. I'm not blaming anybody. You find it a terrible thing—to face the execration of the public!

JOHN D. (*in excitement*). Yes! It is! Really——

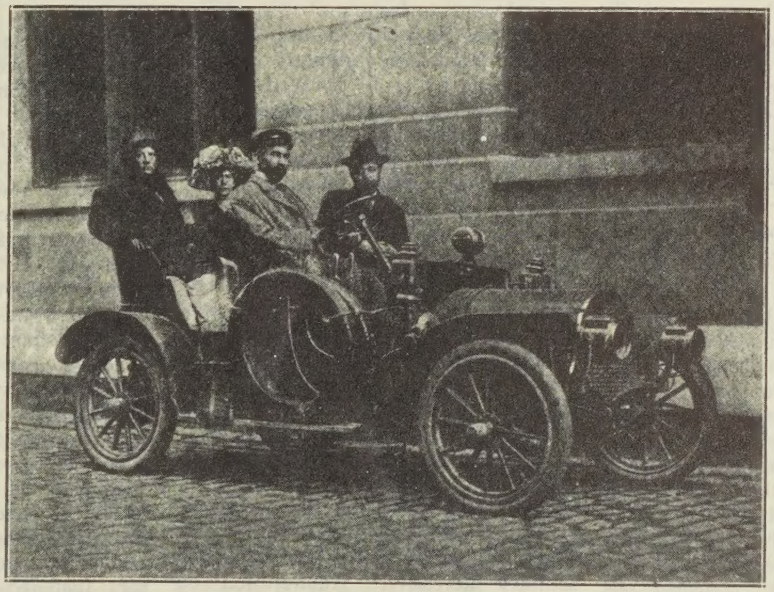
THE AUTHOR. And it's so unfair! Those things that you had been doing all your life—everybody else had been doing them! And now to take them, and hold them up in the daylight—in all their raw and hateful ugliness. The fact that you had bribed and corrupted——

JOHN D. (*quickly*). Ah! But I didn't.

THE AUTHOR. Oh! (*A pause.*) Listen, John D. I don't expect you to make any confessions to me—that wouldn't do, obviously. But on the other hand, you mustn't talk to me as if I were a fool. Let us compromise. I'll speak what I know—facts that don't admit of question. And you—you just listen!

JOHN D. (*hesitatingly*). I see.

THE AUTHOR. Very well. I said that you bribed and corrupted. You bought the employees of your rivals—you bought the officials of railroads. And you did it, not casually and occasionally, but deliberately and systematically, as your business policy. You bought courts and legislatures and political parties—you corrupted the whole machinery of government of your country to keep yourself in power. And it was you who did it—it was not any attorney or subordinate. You make oath to the contrary, but you can't deceive the public—for the public has you with the goods on. If any other man had planned the bribing—*that* man would have had the money. But *you* have the money. (*A pause.*) And now, as I said before, this enormous mass of wealth—this half a billion of life opportunities—it's gotten away from you. You can't control it any longer. You are like the magician's apprentice who started the gnomes to fetching water, and then couldn't stop them, and so the whole house was flooded. This money goes on piling up. It goes on smiting its rivals. It goes on bribing and corrupting—it goes on crushing and destroying! It depresses wages; it increases prices. It wrecks lives; it destroys fortunes. It wipes out credit, precipitates panics, provokes wars. It is a juggernaut of destruction—leaving a swath of ruin behind it. And you, the driver—sitting there helpless and terrified upon the seat! Powerless to stop it! Powerless even to realize it!—shudering—stunned! And all these maimed and trampled lives, crying out upon you in a frenzy of execration—of grief and anguish and despair!



The Wilshires in Chicago with Arthur Morrow Lewis.

The gumbo roads of Iowa after a heavy rain are not particularly conducive to a successful itinerary for a lecture tour by automobile transportation. When there is a well-paved road from ocean to ocean, I may try it again, but just now I must content myself with having achieved Grinnell, Iowa, from New York City, before having given up the trip. My last speech was at Davenport.

JOHN D. (*half rising*). No! No!

THE AUTHOR (*vehemently*). The climax of the game—the great game of the century! And you are the victor—the supreme conqueror! The champion of champions! The richest man in the world! It is you who have ventured to command the storm—and now behold yourself—the sport and plaything of the whirlwind! Behold the cyclone of Capitalism, rushing onward to its last collapse! And you, John D.—ah, if only some madman rushes in and kills you—if only you become the martyr of your own régime—what a figure you will be for the imagination of posterity—what a theme for the artists and the dramatists of the new time!

JOHN D. (*horrified*). My goodness!

THE AUTHOR (*laughing*). Yes! Martyrdom is painful—before it happens. But then, John D.—nothing lasts forever. Even the rose loses its petals in the end—the great American beauty rose, for which all the buds were sacrificed!

JOHN D. (*rises, and paces about*) Really, my dear sir, this is a most extraordinary conversation!

THE AUTHOR (*watches him and laughs*) Yes. No doubt you find it unusual, perhaps, to meet an outsider who does not blame you for what you have done. Those who serve you and profit with you—they defend you, of course—your partners and your lawyers, your clergymen and your college presidents. But most others blame you, I fear.

JOHN D. Yes, that's true. It's lamentable—terrible! They blame me.

THE AUTHOR. You might have given up the game, of course. Thousands did that. But you chose to play it. And you did what competition made you do—what millions of dollars will do of themselves—automatically—inevitably—to protect themselves against attack! (*A pause.*) There were your competitors. I remember one of them who talked to me, and in a moment of frankness he said: There are two kinds of rascals in the oil business—first, those who could trust each other, and they are in the monopoly—and, second, those whom the devil himself couldn't trust, and they are the independents.

JOHN D. Oh dear me! (*Laughs.*) Oh say, that is pretty good! (*Pauses—then chuckles again in deep enjoyment.*)

THE AUTHOR (*laughing with him*). Yes. And they set traps for you. But you got the best of them. They couldn't down you.

JOHN D. (*with eagerness*). Yes sir! I did! I can tell you, sir—you'd hardly believe some of the things I've had to face. But I was there every time—I was ready for them! And I came out ahead! Ha, ha!

THE AUTHOR. And then when they found that you had them beaten on the business field, they went into politics. They tried to pass laws against you!

JOHN D. Exactly, sir. That's what they did!

THE AUTHOR. But you fought them in politics! You beat them there as well!

JOHN D. I did!

THE AUTHOR. They wanted to break your monopoly. They are trying to do it still.

JOHN D. They can never do it. It would mean ruin and anarchy in the business. That monopoly is founded upon a fundamental necessity. You may not believe it, sir——

THE AUTHOR. On the contrary, I do believe it. As a practical man, you perceive the insane extravagance of competition.

JOHN D. I perceived that by combining a number of small businesses into one great business I could effect enormous economies—clerical, administrative, advertising, and what not.

THE AUTHOR. And you had the courage and the will to go ahead and do it, regardless of all opposition. You gave the

(*Continued on page* 10.)

Established 1900
WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE
Published Monthly by
Wilshire Publishing Co.
200 William St.
New York City
GAYLORD WILSHIRE
Editor

Subscription 50 Cents per Year. Club of Eight 25c. per Year.

Wilshire Publishing Co. Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York.

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Entered at the New York Post Office as second class matter.

Vol. XIV JANUARY, 1910 No. 1

IT is with the sincerest satisfaction that WILSHIRE'S notes the recent fiat of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust, and more satisfactory still is the general indifference and skepticism, with which the public received the announcement. For years we have insisted on the impossibility of destroying or dissolving the Trust, and have repeated this so often that it has in a manner become stale and wearisome to ourselves. However, we are glad to think that it has had some effect perhaps in promoting this skepticism. Ten years ago the possibility of Trust destruction was an essential part of the popular political creed. Today it is practically abandoned.

There are some, however, not yet convinced, and for them these court decisions are of great educational value. The inability of the law to collect the twenty-nine-million dollar fine from Standard Oil—a fact now patent to all—and the certain futility of this recent order of dissolution afford actual demonstrations much more convincing than conclusions drawn from theorizing on economics.

These court decisions play a part analogous to that recorded of old King Canute, when he set his chair by the seashore, and in the presence of his credulous courtiers, ordered the tide "thus far and no farther." Had he merely pretended that he possessed the power to command the tides and attempted no actual demonstration of it, it is possible that his majesty's power would have remained unquestioned. In like manner the experiments attempting to demonstrate the possibility of Trust destruction by fiat of law, by their palpable failure carry conviction to the dullest and most ignorant, and prepare public opinion for the final acceptance of the only possible solution, "Let the Nation Own the Trust."

FROM Chicago, that paradise of capitalism, comes a story of man's inhumanity to man, so revolting as to be almost incredible. It seems that for the past few months some ten thousand of the poorest of her sovereign citizens eked out a precarious subsistence by searching the garbage piles of the city for scraps of food. It was an industry in which children largely figured, and was allowed to proceed undisturbed until the attention of the Board of Health was attracted. That body promptly ordered the city dumps to be sprayed with a poisonous chemical, thus making their contents absolutely inedible, and destroying at one fell stroke the only sustenance of upwards of ten thousand men, women and children.

The press of the city was silent upon this outrage; not a word of protest came from the pulpits either, though both teemed with Thanksgiving editorials and sermons in which Mr. Taft's Thanksgiving proclamation had a prominent place. Yet amidst this unparalleled prosperity, and at a period when the nation expresses its universal gratitude for benefits received, not one word of protest is heard when ten thousand human beings are thus suddenly deprived of their natural rights under capitalism, on the paltry subterfuge of sanitary necessity. Adulteration of foodstuffs may be a necessity under our present system, but when carried to the point of completely destroying all nutritive values, it becomes in the highest degree reprehensible, and calls for the sternest remonstrance from an outraged public opinion, a remonstrance which would surely be forthcoming were not the American public at present obsessed with an unaccountable apathy and indifference to the general welfare.

CARLO DE FORNARO, John Kenneth Turner, and other muckrakers, who have recently made Mexico their specialty, are not to be allowed an undisputed monopoly of their subject. Already rebuttal of their views is making its appearance from various quarters. Money talks, and talks to much more effect than the muck-raker, so it is not surprising to find the entire November issue of the *Bankers' Magazine* devoted to the rehabilitation of Diaz's empire as a "come-on" for American investors. One, Mr. E. S. Smith, occupies the entire issue with an article entitled, "The Truth About Mexico," in which the exposures of Fornaro, Turner and others, have, according to Mr. Smith, "been proven untrue by an authoritative denial." The falsity of their narratives having been thus substantiated, Mr. Smith proceeds to discredit their qualifications for the task. Turner is described as getting his information from "a criminal"—De Lara, the revolutionist refugee—and as lacking in judgment and knowledge. Mr. Smith also takes pride in quoting from a letter he declares he sent to President Taft, urging that the United States mails refuse to carry the copies of the *American Magazine* in which Turner's articles appeared, and questioning whether that gentleman "ever really visited Mexico." Fornaro is treated in a similar fashion. Because the Mexican government wouldn't adopt his ideas, he wrote a book telling of the "fancied inequalities" he found there. Mr. Smith disposes of this by asserting that Mexico has attained an extreme height in establishing the "brotherhood of man," and has merely punished a few of the type known us as "undesirable citizens."

However, if these proofs are not satisfying, Mr. Smith brings forward a billion others—hard, solid and tangible proofs—in the shape of the number of dollars invested in Mexico by American capitalists, and makes them talk to effective purpose. This appeal to "the mammon of unrighteousness" is conclusive evidence why we should make friends with the Mexico of President Diaz, and we feel that no banker or investor can read it without the profoundest emotion. Those who remain untouched—prospective investors included—are undoubtedly what Mr. Smith describes as undesirable citizens.

A WRITER in the London *Financial Times,* takes up the question of why it is that while twelve years ago England exported three times as much iron and steel as Germany, the exports now are about equal, though raw material is higher, and labor cost fully as high in Germany.

His conclusions, quoted in the *Saturday Evening Post,* are thus summarized:

> Germany's advantage comes from a highly developed organization of the industry. The iron and steel trade there is closely consolidated—not in the same way ours (The U. S. Steel Trust) is, but through syndicates embracing practically all the mills. Orders for products are allotted by the syndicates in such a way that each mill will do the work that it can handle to the best advantage, regard being had to its location and special facilities, freight charges and so on. In a word, the wastes of competition are eliminated. The syndicate also systematically cuts prices on products for export, especially when the home market is slack. To this thorough organization *alone* the English writer attributes Germany's ability to overtake England in foreign trade, though paying more for raw materials and as much for labor.

The Trust is to the economic world what the "Dreadnought" is to the world of militarism. One Trust in-

evitably forces the formation of others just as one "Dreadnought" compels the building of similar warships. And just as England has forced Germany to construct "Dreadnoughts" to match the original British type, so will Germany compel England to imitate her Trust formation in the iron and steel industry on peril of losing the trade. The capitalist system cannot dispense with either, both being an illustration of essentially the same principle which demands efficiency at peril of extinction.

THERE is an old Latin proverb, which, freely translated, declares that "when two people do the same thing, it is not the same thing." The proverb finds a timely and interesting exemplification in the attitude of the United States toward Nicaragua.

In the daily papers, Secretary of State Knox is reported as justifying intervention in the affairs of Nicaragua in his note to the Nicaraguan Charge D'Affaires by this statement:

> It is equally a matter of common knowledge that under the régime of President Zelaya, republican institutions have ceased in Nicaragua to exist, except in name; that public opinion and the press have been throttled, and that prison has been the reward of any tendency to real patriotism.

Quite so. Now let the reader substitute for Zelaya the name of Diaz, and for Nicaragua, Mexico, in the above, and ask himself if the declaration is not exactly as correct and in accordance with facts.

Republican institutions have ceased to exist in Nicaragua. So they have in Mexico.

Zelaya is a dictator. So is Diaz.

Zelaya throttles the press. So does Diaz.

Zelaya shoots or imprisons everyone who doesn't agree with him. So does Diaz.

In Nicaragua the revolutionist who tries to depose Zelaya is a patriot. The revolutionist who attempts to overthrow Diaz is a criminal scoundrel whom the United States, if the aforesaid criminal happens to escape across our border, will imprison or hand back to Diaz so that he may be murdered.

Yet, though Diaz and Zelaya are thus identical in characteristics, and the political conditions in their respective dominions exactly alike, the United States government will go almost to any lengths to support the despotism of one, and destroy the despotism of the other.

It is unprofitable speculation as to whether the Secretary of State is deliberately or unconsciously hypocritical or merely blind to obvious comparisons. There is good substantial reason for his attitude though he could not be expected to make it public.

The reason is that Diaz can make his autocracy work smoothly, while Zelaya cannot.

The despotism and tyranny of Diaz maintains and secures a condition in Mexico which safeguards capitalist property, encourages capitalist exploitation, and constitutes Mexico a paradise of capitalist profit-making, where nothing is permitted to disturb the process. The American capitalist feels that the tyranny of Diaz secures his investments in Mexico, and once that end is attained he cares not a rap whether "republican institutions" exist or not.

Zelaya's autocracy cannot secure capitalist property in Nicaragua. On the contrary it tends to destroy that needed security.

Consequently Nicaragua's revolutionists are patriots, while Mexico's are criminals. And pretended solicitation for "republican institutions" forms a convenient excuse for overthrowing the Zelaya régime.

Diaz can maintain what capitalists call a "stable government." And Zelaya cannot. And a "stable government" is all that capital requires. The form is immaterial while capitalistic investment is secure.

As the new Governor General of the Philippines put it in his recent inaugural address at Manila:

> Capital demands a stable government. Capital is not particularly interested in the color or design of the flag; it wants just laws, sound and uniform policy on the part of the government, just and fair treatment in the courts, etc., etc.

Verily as the old proverb has it, "when two people do the same thing, it is not the same thing."

ONE very commendable feature of the *"Daily Consular and Trade Reports,"* published at Washington, D. C., is that the reader is spared the usual hog-wash handed out by the politicians regarding the formation of Trusts. There is no drivel in these reports anent the "greed and rapacity" of capitalists, and no whining about the elimination of competition. For instance, in a recent report from the American Consul at Liege, Belgium, that gentleman, speaking of the European Glass Trust, recently formed, and which practically controls the entire European industry, thus describes its origin:

> At the beginning of 1904 the plate-glass industry was suffering from an acute crisis. Owing to active competition prices showed considerable fluctuation, while on the other hand the advance in the prices of raw material employed tended to favor an increase in the cost price of the manufactured article. Under these conditions the industry was severely confused, when the international agreement of 1904 among the plate-glass manufacturers came to relieve the situation. The combine includes nearly all the factories of Europe.
>
> The scope of the syndicate is mainly to place the manufacturer of plate-glass in direct connection with the consumers, in order in a measure to give stability to the selling price and to prevent overproduction which always results in excessive damage in any form of industrial activity.

A recognition of the ruinous effects of competition, and a natural desire to prevent overproduction has been the genesis of the Trust everywhere, whether national or international as in this case. Our consuls, writing as they are, for business men, well understand that the drivel of ignorant politicians and interested "trust-busters" on the Trust question is intended for the consumption of the gullible public alone, and though not themselves Socialists, necessarily give the Socialist explanation of the origin of the Trust to their readers as the only explanation consistent with facts and common sense.

We sincerely hope that our readers will not disapprove of the present issue, because reading matter has unavoidably crowded out the advertising.

Perhaps the real reason why the Trust cannot be dissolved is that it is a dissolvent itself, a dissolvent of small capitalist business.

If you like WILSHIRE'S in its new form, we would like to hear from you. Also, if you don't. Write us and tell us what you think of it anyhow.

Have you noticed what a profound respect for the British House of Lords the American capitalist press has suddenly conceived, now that their position as defenders of capitalistic property becomes evident?

South American revolutionists looked about the same to the American public until recently. However, we have now learned to discriminate. A revolutionist who revolutes against Zelaya of Nicaragua is a patriot, while one who revolutes against Diaz of Mexico is a criminal.

Socialism is the only thing advertised in this issue of WILSHIRE'S, and we not only give it our unqualified editorial endorsement, but recommend it strongly to our readers, both personally and collectively.

As to the murder of Schoolmaster Ferrer, the Spanish Government officially states that it "now regards the incident as closed." Unless, of course, some undesirable citizens still surviving may remind them of it from time to time.

Muckrakers who want to prove Diaz a scoundrel and murderer should first demonstrate to the satisfaction of all right-thinking persons that Mexico isn't a safe place for investments of American capital.

This journal has dispensed with its advertising agent, but hopes that every one of its readers will voluntarily act as such. Show this copy to your friend or your neighbor.

A capitalist publication cannot get along without advertising, but a Socialist magazine is different—at least we think so and are willing to experiment and see.

Mr. Taft in his message asks for an appropriation of $50,000 to exterminate the "White Slave Traffic," which is a surprising demand from a supposed promoter of capitalist industry. However, the demand has its cheapness to recommend it, when one considers how much more it cost to wipe out the black slave traffic forty-five years ago.

Rehearsing the Social Revolution

By ODON POR, *Special European Correspondent, Wilshire's*

DURING the last year the European proletariat twice entered the field of international diplomacy, definitely conquering for itself the right of interfering with the war-schemes of the ruling classes. The year 1909 marks an epoch in the history of mankind, for during this year the working masses by definite action demonstrated their unequivocal intention to overthrow the military institutions and traditions that have kept mankind in servitude for thousands of years.

When the Spanish Government sent its troops into the Riff country to protect the mining interests of Count Romanonès, member of the late Cabinet, and of the Marquis de Comillas, half-milliardaire and protector of the Jesuits, the organized workers of Spain started at once an open campaign against the Moroccan war. The Spanish Socialist Party held about 500 meetings, inciting the workers to answer the declaration of war with a general strike. The strike-committee of Catalonia set the date of the general strike on the 26th of July.

On the early morning of this day the thousands of women workers of Barcelona were the first to leave the factories. They gathered in the suburbs and marched toward the center of the city, under their improvised flag, a white piece of cloth bearing the legend, "Down with the War." On their way to the city they stopped at the factories and waited for the other workers to join them. Without hesitation all workers laid down their tools, except the employes of the street-car system. Whereupon some indignant women threw themselves across the tracks, blocking the passage of the cars.

That evening the general strike in Catalonia was complete. The military fraternized with the people. The police and the constabulary dared not move. Telegraph and telephone wires were cut, and railroad bridges blown up, so that Barcelona was isolated from the rest of the world. During the following night the popular anger turned against the religious orders, setting ablaze about 50 convents and churches. But no violence was committed against persons, nobody was killed or hurt, no banks or private houses were looted. Thirty thousand strikers from the surrounding cities were ready to march toward Barcelona and proclaim the Spanish Republic. In several cities in the other provinces the workers were also on strike and all over the country the active protest was taking on great proportions.

On July 27th martial law was proclaimed in Catalonia and the following day all over Spain. Reactionary regiments were sent to Barcelona and succeeded in provoking the armed resistance of the workers. By this the Government created an excuse for the subsequent violent repression. The struggle between the military, armed with machine guns, and the workers on the barricades lasted four days. About 300 workmen were killed, a thousand wounded, 3,000 arrests were made and many soldiers fell. Finally the seething revolt abated.

Francisco Ferrer, the teacher of a more humane mode of social life, was made the scapegoat for the revolt of the whole working class. Maura fell, but under the régime of the new "liberal" ministry thousands of revolutionists are still kept in jail. Several were recently shot and seven condemned to death, among them three women. . . .

The revolt was quelled, first of all, because it was not intended to become a revolt, but merely a pacific demonstration. The revolutionary element knew that not all workers were prepared for a revolution. But when, above all expectations, the general strike grew beyond the limits of a pacific demonstration and the strikers found themselves in absolute control of Catalonia, it would have been comparatively easy to proclaim the Republic and to swing the yet hesitating part of the Spanish workers over into the Revolution. But many workers who belonged to the Republican Party were waiting for their leaders to declare themselves openly for or against the revolution. These, however, at first hesitated, then refused to officially declare for their own cause for the Republic. By cowardly hesitation and failing to act promptly, the republicans became traitors to their own cause. The psychological moment for decisive and concerted action passed, and upon the provocation of the priests and the reactionary part of the military, the revolution was aborted.

Until these events the Spanish people were generally considered a decadent race, which had ceased to exercise any influence upon the affairs of the world. All failures of the Spanish nation were ascribed to degeneration, and the same notion has induced superficial observers to stamp the last general strike as but a spasmodic revolt of a hysterical and lawless mob, incited by anarchists and devoid of any cohesive power and social vision. But those whom Havelock Ellis, the greatest living authority on the psychology of the Spanish people, has convinced that "Spain is not merely the land of the gypsy with the guitar, for there is a youthful and muscular Spain, covered with sweat, wearing a blue blouse, and with face blackened by the smoke of the forge," foresee in this revolt the herald of the coming Spain, that, by the force of its intrinsic virtues, will yield much inspiration to the rest of the world.

Modern industrial development and the revolutionary propaganda following in its wake has created, first, a conscious working class and, then assigned to it a decisive part in all national affairs. Havelock Ellis in his "The Soul of Spain," supports, with his recognized authority, the statement, that in no country have the workers shaken off prejudice and tradition more completely than in Spain, and that the discontent with sacerdotal bigotry has spread among all classes.

Why the present régime is yet in power must be sought in the fact, that its mainstay, the Church, has invested its great financial resources in modern industrial enterprises from which it draws its vitality. But the Church has lost its spiritual power over the people and vegetates merely by the inherent economic force of its vast material wealth, accumulated in the past.

Wars, the Inquisition, and the colonial adventures have exercised a natural selection backwards, so to say, consuming the most advanced, intelligent, vital and rebellious elements of the people. These factors, not considering now the underlying economic tendencies, were largely responsible for the long languishing of the Spanish people. But, lately, with the

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCISCO FERRER

Murdered 13th October, 1909.

LANGDON EVERARD in London *Labor Leader.*

So they have shot him down, O bloody ghouls,
Whose sanguined claws have pinioned Freedom's throat,
Dance ye, exultant, o'er his broken corse,
And shriek your triumph to the shuddering winds:
"Ferrer is dead, and Freedom dies with him!"

Land of the Blessed Virgin! Valorous Spain!
Upon thy brow there rot the withered bays
Of mighty conquests. This were mightier still,
O Spain! Wilt thou not hug it to thy heart,
This valorous, bloodspilt victory of thine!

Let Spain's cathedrals ring with fervid thanks
Unto Almighty God who saw this thing.
Delay not, O most Christian King and Court!
Let ye and yours keep festival TO-DAY:
The morrow carries in her hand a sword!

Ferrer is dead, and Freedom leaps again
To glorious surging life. This one man's death
Shall ope the lock-gates and the pent up tide
Of Liberty shall sweep throughout the land
And cleanse thee, Spain, from this foul, blood-stained brood!

working class coming to the foreground, the flood-gates of immense reservoirs of virgin energies were unlocked, and the outrushing flood pushed the active Spanish elements irresistibly into the channels of organized productive activity.

These new experiences of the Spanish people, proved the efficiency of the new system of political fight on the basis of general strikes and boycotts, and placed in relief, better than any verbal or written propaganda, the truth that the working class must attend to its own affairs without seeking support from the bourgeois parties. The splendid results of the vigorous and unceasing anti-militaristic propaganda as expressed in the mutiny of whole regiments, the demonstrations against the King, the public declarations of many soldiers that they would rather fight from the barricades for a new social order than go to war for the capitalists, the desertion of thousands of reservists—all these facts go to prove that the will to overthrow the present régime is deeply ingrained in the Spanish workers. The futility of political combines and the insignificance of a change of Government were conclusively proved by the treacherous attitude of the Republicans and the reactionary measures of the new Government.

Thanks to all these experiences the Spanish working class now sees clearly the outlines of the coming struggle. It is now convinced that its paramount duty consists in organizing industrially the whole working class, in cultivating the anti-militaristic feeling of the young workers and in spreading the sense of solidarity throughout the whole country. From this activity, full of cohesive tendencies, will, inevitably, spring the irresistible social revolution.

Ferrer's assassination roused the workers of the whole world, while the Spanish people were apparently kept quiet by the machine guns. However, in the soul of the Spanish workers the blasting potency of a suppressed passion is gathering, and at the least provocation it will again burst forth.

But nowhere has the news of the assassination roused greater passions and sentiments than among the working population of Italy. Immediately after the assassination a wave of intense and vibrating emotion swept through the Italian working class. For a whole week the revolutionary consciousness of the workers was surging and fermenting, impetuously protesting through a general strike, against the infamy of the Spanish Jesuits, warning the Church in Italy and warning, at once, the Italian ruling classes to refrain from any military adventure.

With the general strike the Italian working class gave out, in its own fashion, a diplomatic note. But this diplomatic act of the working class cannot be compared to the refined methods of the professional diplomats, who never give definite answers on questions of national or international importance, whose duty is to create equivocal situations with open doors in all directions, but it was a diplomatic act which left not a single point in darkness. It clearly asserted the opposition of the working class to all wars, in particular, and the ruling classes, in general. It was a clear-cut diplomatic act expressing definitely the people's will.

Five million Italian workers laid down their tools, spontaneously proving their daring spirit of solidarity. The dignified manifestation was unmistakable in its intentions and suggestive as to what may happen in the future. There was none of the life-issues of the Italian workers in the balance, and yet, overwhelmed by their social consciousness, they had to protest.

These new facts, full of elements of permanency, brought forth by the Latin proletariat, from the depth of its soul, should, at last convince the Anglo-Saxon and German socialists that the collective, active and direct resistance of the organized workers is the only weapon, sufficiently powerful, to oppose the imperialistic tendencies of the ruling classes, and that therefore, the first duty of the proletarian political and industrial organizations should be everywhere to stir the workers to active resistance and destroy their present tendency to blindly obey the written laws and the orders of the governing classes; to make them capable of rising in defense of the living, but yet unwritten, laws of their own social desires and ideals.

The Latin workers have lost all respect for the present legal order, for their experiences have taught them that in order to realize their social ideal they must go beyond the limit of the activities circumscribed by the laws of the bourgeoisie. When will the workers of the other nations dare to push their convictions as far as their Spanish, Italian and French comrades? The lesson, after all, to be derived from these facts is, that actual fighting between two nations is impossible if five million workers of each nationality will rise as one man firmly protesting against the impending fratricide.

THE GREAT GERMAN NATIONAL SOCIALIST CONGRESS IN SESSION AT LEIPSIC

"JOHN D." AN ADVENTURE

(*Continued from page 5.*)

world a great model of an efficient business machine.

JOHN D. (*eagerly*). That is what I did, sir!

THE AUTHOR. Take the laws against rebates, for instance. What could be more unwise, more reactionary?

JOHN D. Ah! I'm glad to hear you say that. Really, sir, that is just the truth. Only—you know——

THE AUTHOR. It would not do to say it! (*Laughs.*)

JOHN D. (*eagerly*). I would be shipping a hundred carloads of oil in a lot, and my competitor maybe one car. And there is not a railroad man in the country who would tell you that I should be charged a hundred times as much.

THE AUTHOR. Certainly not!

JOHN D. There is no business in the world in which a man who buys in large quantities does not get a discount.

THE AUTHOR. And the attempt to prevent it in transportation was simply to make you pay to maintain your rivals—to prevent that concentration which is essential to industrial progress. And you, who defied the law, were acting in the interests of the future as much as the Boston men who threw the tea into the harbor.

JOHN D. (*with unction*). Ah! Thank you.

THE AUTHOR. Yes, sir—you are one of the world's great revolutionists, beyond all question. We clasp hands, you and I—two revolutionists in perfect accord! But you must not overlook the full consequences of your procedure.

JOHN D. (*puzzled*). How do you mean?

THE AUTHOR. I mean, that now I come along, pointing out yet another step in progress; and you, who overthrew the constitution and defied the law, will not appeal to the law and the constitution against me!

JOHN D. I don't understand you.

THE AUTHOR. You don't realize, perhaps, that you are talking with a notorious agitator—a Socialist.

JOHN D. (*aghast*). A Socialist!

THE AUTHOR. A Socialist! I was quite sure you did not realize it. If you had you would have been watching for a bomb.

JOHN D. No, no!

THE AUTHOR. Perhaps not. But your idea of a Socialist is a violent person—you would not have expected such a friendly discussion.

JOHN D. Well, really, you know, I can't say that I have met many Socialists. I don't know what sort of people they are.

THE AUTHOR. We are just the same as other people, except that we have learned to use our imaginations a little. We have learned that Society is something that grows—like every other living thing. And we have found out what it is growing into. (*Leaning forward.*) See—it's like this. You take an egg, and study it carefully—you see that there are certain veins and formations inside of it; and you say: "In three weeks this egg will be a chicken." And then along comes a man who never saw it happen, and he says: "Why, that's perfectly ridiculous. An egg turn into a chicken! This egg is smooth and hard and white, and a chicken is brown and feathery. A chicken has eyes and wings and drumsticks! It would be altogether against egg-nature!" And then he waits ten days until he feels something moving in the egg; then he scratches his head, and he says: "Well, I don't know—perhaps maybe it might happen—very, very slowly. Perhaps maybe the shell may begin to grow wings and a head—perhaps maybe in a hundred thousand years you may find it feathery, as chickens are. I'm not a revolutionist, but an evolutionist; and I don't believe in sudden changes." And so he goes on, until suddenly—pop!—he sees a beak come through, and a few minutes later the shell falls to pieces, and what was all egg is now all chicken.

JOHN D. (*fascinated*). I see!

THE AUTHOR. Now, John D., I am a student of the social egg. I know what kind of chicken is coming out. And the reason I hail you as a public benefactor is because I see that these wonderful trusts which you have built are the skeleton of the new social chicken.

JOHN D. How do you mean?

THE AUTHOR. You have built a huge machine for the making and distributing of oil; you have got everything ready for the people to take it over and run it for their own benefit.

JOHN D. (*starting*). Oh!

THE AUTHOR. Don't you see? You have gathered it all into your hands—you have unified it—incorporated it—reduced it to a system—so that it runs when you no longer pay any attention to it—while you are off playing golf! You have sworn on the witness-stand that you know nothing about its affairs; and don't you see how easy that makes it for the public to step in?

JOHN D. (*aghast*). But—but—my dear sir! It's my property!

THE AUTHOR. Your property! But what is property—to a revolutionist like yourself, John D.? (*Laughs.*)

JOHN D. (*in horror*). Oh, now really!

THE AUTHOR. No—I don't mean to make fun of you. Let us reason it out. You said a while ago that you'd be glad to get rid of the frightful burden of your wealth. You wouldn't give it to any other individual, of course—for no other individual is more competent to handle it—and you wouldn't be willing to admit it even if it were true. But suppose that the Community were to organize, and offer to take your oil-machine off your hands forever, and give you a vote of thanks and a liberal maintenance in return for your services in organizing it—mightn't you think that was a sensible proposition?

JOHN D. It's certainly an interesting idea.

THE AUTHOR. Yes. And it's high time that you considered it, and had some answer ready. For I assure you, John D., the issue is almost upon you. Our present system is on the verge of collapse—surely you, as a business man, must realize that!

JOHN D. I can't quite go so far——

THE AUTHOR. Surely you don't imagine it will go on forever! Just look a moment! You have five hundred million dollars—no, that's too much? Well, we'll say three hundred. And it pays you—say twenty per cent? Then next year you have three hundred and sixty millions. And the year after you have four hundred and thirty-two millions. It's compound interest, you see—and you know how that mounts up. In ten years it will be over a billion and a quarter. In ten more it will be eleven billions and a half; and in ten years more it will be over sixty-six billions—and at that time your income will be over thirteen billions a year. Surely no sane man could imagine that the community could possibly pay such a sum!

JOHN D. The wealth of the world is increasing, sir.

THE AUTHOR. Yes, of course it's increasing; but you are getting the increase! And as your power grows you get a larger and larger percentage—it is like a huge whirlpool, sucking in everything. And meantime the people are on a competitive wage—you have broken their monopolies and they only get a living. Don't you see that the time must come when what they have to spend won't furnish profits enough—no matter how you screw up prices? You take all your profits each year, and you invest them in new machines. Don't you see that some day you will be making more goods than the people have money to buy? And then there will be over-production, panics and hard times. Then millions of men will be out of work—they will be parading the streets of our cities—holding meetings—making Socialist speeches! They will be demanding food—demanding work! And what are you going to answer them?

JOHN D. (*faltering*). I don't know.

THE AUTHOR (*rushing on*). It must have some answer, you understand! They will demand it—it will be a matter of life and death to them. And it must be some answer that will bring them work and wages—some answer that will put food in their children's mouths.

JOHN D. But, my dear sir—is it for me to solve the problem?

THE AUTHOR. Of course it is! It's for nobody else in the world! Why else are you the master of our affairs? (*A pause; he smiles.*) Let me tell you just what I think will happen. The President of the United States will send one of his cabinet members to see you—a practical man, like yourself—but a man very much in earnest. And he'll have a long talk with you. He'll say, John D., we are at the end of our rope. The people are desperate—they will not be appeased. The railroads will have to stop—and that means that New York will starve to death in a couple of weeks. And there's no help for it—the government must take these roads over, and use its credit to run them without delay. Now, John D., they belong to you. You can try to stop us—you can appeal to the Courts—but we shall simply pay no attention to the Courts—we *must* have the roads! Now see—you are an old man—you haven't many years to own them in any case. And some assassin may come along and kill you, you know—really, in the present temper of the people there's nothing more likely than that both of us should be blown to pieces as we sit here talking. So don't you think you had better do the handsome thing, and come forward and sign this letter to the President—you see that Pierpont and Andrew have signed it—and Edward H.—and Thomas F.—and all the rest—Mr. President: We see that we can no longer run our railroads, and that the people need them, and so we have decided to turn them over; and we shall be very glad to give our advice and help the Government to get them started on the new co-operative basis. (*A pause.*) Don't you think that might seem like a sensible proposition?

JOHN D. (*in profound thought*). It might. It might.

THE AUTHOR. Think it over! Work it out for yourself, John D.—for so much depends upon you. For we want this to be a peaceable revolution, you understand—we don't want anybody to get killed. It's a practical business problem, and we want to settle it in a practical business way—like two sensible men sitting down and talking a thing over. And we ought to have your help—you could do so much. And think what a name you would leave behind you, if you came forward frankly and freely! (*Eagerly.*) Think what you could do—how much you could help

to spread the light—if you were to come forward to-morrow and say that you had become a Socialist—that you believed that the Community should own and administer the great monopolies for the benefit of all—so that there might be labor and freedom and joy for all—so that no man should be exploited for the benefit of any other man! So that there might be no more paupers and no more parasites—no more child-labor and prostitution—no more crime and war! Think what that would mean, John D.

JOHN D. (*deeply moved*). I see! I see!

THE AUTHOR. And mark you—it's coming, just the same—whether you come forward or whether you hang back. For the people are learning what I have told you—the people who produce the wealth out of which all your fortune comes—who suffer all the miseries which I have pictured to you. And the people possess the votes. They can have their way when they are ready. And they listen to such arguments as I have put before you here—they are judge and jury—they will decide! And do you think that they will continue to pay you tribute forever? There they sit. (*Pointing to the audience.*) Wide awake, eager, drinking in the truth—making up their minds upon the issue. And do you believe that they will consent to pay you tribute forever? Do you think that they will consent forever to starve and suffer and perish, so that your dividends may pile up? Hear what they say to you? (*To the audience.*) People of America—you have heard the argument. The case is before you. What have you to say? Will you continue to pay him his dividends? (*Answer.*) Will you continue to be his wage slaves? (*Answer.*) Is he to rule this country, or will you rule it? (*Answer.*) Will you cast your ballots for the old parties which he has bought, or for the new party—your own party—for Socialism? (*Answer.*) You have heard them, John D. So, before long, you will hear them from one end of this broad land to the other. You will hear them in tones of crashing thunder. You will see them arising, like giants from their slumber—advancing in irresistible onset—proclaiming their resolution that this land, which was consecrated to liberty and justice, shall preserve its heritage—that a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

(CURTAIN.)

THE VOTES WE LOST

By BEN HANFORD

HERE we are again. So far as shown by the limited elections just held in America, the Socialist Party vote of 1909 is no greater than that of 1904. Wherefore? Has Socialism made no progress in those five years? If not, with all the money spent, and with all the work done, what's the use? Shall we never get ahead? I'm getting old. I want to see the beginning of the New World. What's the matter? Why don't we make progress?

To which there is sufficient and obvious answer to all who take thought of yesterday.

Socialist votes only show the progress of Socialism by comparison, and conditions must be compared as well as the number of votes. Four hundred thousand votes for Debs and Socialism in 1904 and four hundred thousand votes for Debs and Socialism in 1908 must be considered in the light of conditions.

In the elections of 1908 for the first time (and continuously since then) in America the Socialist movement met something like direct, extensive, intelligent and efficient opposition—meaning, of course, in so far as opposition to Socialism can be intelligent and efficient. Prior to 1908 American Socialists (persons and small groups rather than the whole organized body) had met occasional and spasmodic attack from malice and bigotry and ignorance and superstition. True, the ignorance and superstition were sometimes learned, and the bigotry and malice came from those in high station, but their folly and futility were none the less evident and inefficient. The opposition was in spots. It was not general. It came mostly from such individuals as "happened" to oppose it. It is also true that much of the opposition to Socialism in the campaign of 1908 and since has been of the same character. But not all of it. Not by a jugful. In a general way it has covered the whole country, and in some cases (as in Colorado) it has gone into every village, town and family, and appeared in every conceivable form. In some States it has taken the form of additional franchise restrictions, in others it has made the exercise of the franchise more difficult (by heavy ballot fees), or disfranchised certain groups entirely, and wholesale discharges and blacklisting of Socialist and progressive trade unionists and arrests of Socialists for exercising their constitutional rights of free speech and free press and free assemblage have been malignant and common.

For the past five years anti-Socialists have practiced all these abuses on a large and general scale as compared with the individual instances of the years preceding.

The men who own property in the United States to the value of more than one hundred billion dollars are not leaving that bagatelle to be carried off by a lot of men (and women) playing games with little X-marks and circles and little pieces of paper and black lead pencils. Not so that you might notice it. Gentlemen in possession of wealth to the value of more than one hundred billion dollars may be trusted to take some slight interest in its preservation—they may, really. Notwithstanding the opinion of those who measure the progress of Socialism exclusively by the number of votes cast for the Socialist Party candidate and who always "know" just what the vote is going to be before it is counted—and are annually discouraged for the six months after each election day.

The four hundred thousand Socialist votes in 1904 caused our gentlemen with the $100,000,000,000 to sit up and take notice. Since then they have given much thought to the growth of Socialism—with a view to its early decay and death.

Having in mind the Populist, Greenback and other third parties of the past, and their early demise, our gentlemen of the $100,000,000,000 expected to prepare the Socialist Party with a like funeral, and to that end have spent much good coin in the last five years. To be sure, they blew in a goodly bundle on gold bricks, such as the endowment of a college with a fool professor to import another fool professor from England, to buy a lot of bunk and hire an ex-President of the United States to display his ignorance and mendacity in all men's view—these are some of the obvious means by which our gentlemen of the billions have since 1904 opposed the Socialist Party. But they have not been all. Their purchased professors and statesmen have had the assistance (and they needed it) of spies, thugs, thieves and crooks of all kinds in their war on the Socialist Party and the Labor Movement. For be it remembered, regardless of the views of Mr. Gompers and other trade union leaders, our gentlemen of the billions of dollars make no exceptions in fighting both Socialism and trade unionism in maintaining the interests of capitalism.

Well, meeting all these forces of the enemy for the five years just past, the Socialist Party has held its own on the face of the returns. Which means that we have actually gained votes. For some of the votes of 1904 were not Socialist votes, and since that time we have either gotten those non-Socialists who voted our ticket to become Socialists, or we have gained an equal number of others in their place.

As I said above, the Socialist vote only denotes Socialist progress comparatively. Bearing that in mind, the Socialist progress in America since 1904 has been as rapid as at other periods. Considered in the light of conditions, it is in the highest degree encouraging. It will not be easily understood by our gentlemen of the billions and their agents, but they will nevertheless discover that the way of the Populist, the Independence League and other third parties is not the way of the Socialist Party.

The work of the last five years has not been lost, and it may be regarded as certain that the day is not distant when the Socialist Party will record an immense gain in its vote and will find many of its nominees elected to offices small and great.

I have referred to the gentlemen who have a property stake in "our" country to the value of a hundred billion dollars or thereabouts. In any consideration of election results it should be remembered that New York is the capital city of the World of Capitalism. It is the military, social, industrial and financial headquarters of our gentlemen of the billions. And, though the motions are made in Washington, New York is capitalism's political capital. It is the very heart and citadel and the safety deposit vault of our American captains of industry. You can be sure that our gentlemen of the billions will not leave it undefended. If you would know something of the task that we Socialists have set ourselves, just think what it would mean for the world of capitalism to lose New York City to the Socialist Party. And then think if you can what it would mean to the American Labor Movement for the Socialist Party to capture New York City.

New York City in the hands of the Socialists might easily jar the capitalist world to its final fall. And it will come to pass. At the last election the Socialist Party lost votes in New York, but Capitalist New York shall yet capitulate to the Socialist Party. It is so written in the book of economic law and progress. That is the book of fate and doom to Capitalism.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

Conducted by MRS. GAYLORD WILSHIRE

THE STORY OF DOLLY JONES

SOMEWHERE in the dives in Chicago is Dolly Jones. Search for her meets with no definite information. As soon as she is traced to one house the perfect system of the Levee managers has removed her beyond reach.

The story of Dolly Jones was published by the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, and every effort was made to save her, but the odds against her were too great. The police force was unfriendly, the people indifferent, and so another girl was sacrificed on the altar of greed and cruelty. The story of Dolly Jones might be told of hundreds of other girls by simply changing the name and the minor details of the story.

Dolly came to Chicago from Cincinnati hoping for better wages. Some "theatrical people" were kind to her, and Dolly was grateful. She wrote back home to her mother about the kindness of these people and what a good time she was having. For she was only a young girl to whom the pleasures of life were very dear. She was flattered by the attention which was paid her. She met a man who had an automobile who was particularly nice to her. One night he took her for a ride, and the next thing that was heard of Dolly Jones by the one friend she had in Chicago was a frenzied letter which read:

"Please come down and see me at once. I'm in trouble. Would like to see you very much. Come to Bob Gray's Café, Twenty-first Street and Armour Avenue. You will be surprised to find me there, but I could not help this.

"Dolly Jones."

The man to whom this letter was sent went at once to see Dolly and found her in a terrible state of worry and shame. She had been thoroughly intimidated, the fact that she had been disgraced dwelt upon, her clothes confiscated, and a special wardrobe provided for her for which she was placed in debt to the extent of $30. But more powerful than all these things was the threat that her mother would be told in case of her being unreasonable. Dolly was afraid to leave the place, afraid of the police, afraid of the divekeepers, afraid of arrest, afraid of the public disgrace, and above all afraid that her mother would also be disgraced. This man who was her friend went to the *Chicago Daily Socialist* for help to rescue the girl. Two police officers were sent to the resort to take her away. The girl was so afraid of the police that she became hysterical at once, and as she was led out of the dive screamed with fright on seeing a one-horse wagon which she mistook for a patrol. She was walked to the station, where in the presence of J. O. Bentall, State Secretary of the Socialist Party of Illinois, John C. Carroll, of the *Daily Socialist*, and another witness the girl was further intimidated by Sergeant Hughes. It was a very good example of the "third degree," with a little hysterical girl the victim.

"You know that you could leave that house whenever you wanted to, couldn't you?" shouted Sergeant Hughes.

"I guess I could. I was out to mail a letter last night," faltered the trembling girl.

"You were out. Why didn't you leave then?" shouted Hughes.

"I didn't have my clothes; two dresses were inside and the two of them had cost me $16," said the sobbing girl.

"Did you ever tell a police officer that you wanted to leave?" shouted Hughes.

"No," said the girl.

"You knew you could leave when you wanted to?" yelled the sergeant.

"The girls told me I could not," said Dolly between sobs.

"Did you go there by force?" shrieked the sergeant.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

Photograph of two well-known English Suffragists, Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel, in prison garb. Mrs. Pankhurst recently visited America and has returned to England to face another sentence of imprisonment.

"No," faltered the girl, her eyes wide with terror and fixed on the sergeant.

"Get the wagon and take her to the Harrison street annex," said the sergeant.

"Oh don't, oh don't put me in the patrol," sobbed the girl.

"Well you are old enough to know your mind. Do you want your mother notified and go back to her or do you want to go back there? Come, you're old enough. Which do you want to do?" shouted the sergeant.

"Don't tell my mother, she'd be disgraced," sobbed the girl.

"Get the wagon, we'll take her to Harrison street," said the sergeant.

"Oh don't, oh don't take me," sobbed the girl.

The police were then informed that the Chicago Law and Order League had promised to provide for the girl. Protest was raised against the conduct of the police.

"We'll take her to Harrison street," snapped the sergeant.

"Didn't Bob Gray give you $5.00 to send to your mother?" roared the sergeant.

"He did," said the girl.

And, too terrified to tell of the threats and the debt and all the torture to which she had been subjected, she was taken out of the station house. But even the hardened officers were moved by the piteous pleas and sobs of the girl when she saw the patrol wagon and allowed Detective O'Connor to take her to Harrison Street Station in the street car, although at first the other officers threatened to arrest the witnesses who protested against their conduct. "These men," said O'Connor to Bentall and a witness who accompanied him to the door of the Annex, "wanted to take this girl to a flat with them." Mr. Carroll went to a lieutenant at Harrison Street whom he knew, to have Dolly Jones booked. The lieutenant said the case belonged to the Twenty-second Street Station, and that he could not interfere. Attorney Charles Soelke, Raymond Robbins, the prominent settlement worker, who agreed to furnish a bond, went with Mr. Carroll to the Harrison Street Station. They found Judge Newcomer sitting in his court room although court had adjourned. The Judge knew Soelke and seemed disposed to accommodate him. He sent a bailiff out to attend to the booking of Dolly Jones. The bailiff returned with Inspector John J. Wheeler in charge of the district reaching south from Harrison Street, including the Twenty-second Street levee. Wheeler said he had paid $6 out of his own pocket to send Dolly back to Cincinnati. He furthermore declared that Dolly was not in the Station House. When confronted with circumstantial evidence that she was there he became surly.

"Under the municipal court act," said Soelke, addressing the judge, "the police officers are ex-officio officers of the municipal court and you could order, Judge, that this girl be brought into court. She is charged with no offense, and even were she charged with an offense, any offense which admits of bail being offered would entitle us to her production in court. We are ready with a bondsman."

"Nobody is boss in the annex, but me," said Wheeler. "Go as far as you damn please."

"I don't see that I have the right to coerce a co-ordinate branch of the government," said the judge. Pleas were unavailing.

Among other things, Inspector Wheeler said: "Go as far as you damn please. Rip things up if you want to. I don't give a damn," and he stalked out of the courtroom.

A registered letter sent to the girl the receipt for which she signed herself, showed that she was in the annex when Wheeler said that she was not.

The District Attorney professed to believe the police and would not be a party to a writ of habeas corpus. The girl was so hysterical and terrorized by the police that there was no chance of getting her to testify in her own behalf—perhaps later on she might get the courage. But the system is too perfect to allow risks. Dolly Jones is moved from house to house as soon as inquiries are made.

And down in Cincinnati is a mother who loves this girl even as you and I love our children. A mother whose tears flow as freely as yours or mine would flow under like circumstances. We cannot comfort her with words, however kind, we cannot dry her tears, however tender our ministering hands. She has lost that which all our love cannot replace. But we can love with a great love the girls of the world and protect them with our lives if need be, against the destroyer. Let us fight to the last stronghold a society which exacts as tribute the sweet, unopened flower of womanhood.

Woman and Political Action

Extract from Address of Mrs. Harriet D'Orsay

IT is rather a unique position that I occupy at this time, running for office on the State ticket of a political party, and, in the brief time that I will occupy this evening, I will not go into the merits of the case as to why you should elect me to that office, or as to how much better I would look after your interests, or how much more acceptably I would fill the office than my opponents. But I will say in passing that, if elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties and responsibilities pertaining to the office of Secretary of State of the Commonwealth to the best of my ability.

Mrs. Harriet D'Orsay
Nominated for State Secretary by Socialist Party of Massachusetts.

My few remarks this evening will be addressed chiefly to the women, and, incidentally, to the men. At a meeting of this kind the reverse is the rule, as, in all matters political, women have not been considered a factor. But times are changing; women are at last awakening to a sense of their obligations and the need of being interested in the body politic. They are begining to understand that, in politics, as in all other human affairs, they must act with man, and that their interests cannot be separated from his without grave injury to both.

The burning issue of the present time is the increased cost of living, and the campaign speeches of both old parties deal largely with the tariff,—as to how a high or a low tariff would improve things in this respect. They all agree that the cost of living has increased so enormously that a workingman cannot maintain himself and family. But let me tell you that it is not the working *men* that this burden presses most heavily, but upon the *wife* of the working man. It is she who must bear the brunt of this burden. It is she who must make a household allowance barely adequate to meet the demands of several years ago meet the increased and increasing cost of the necessities of life to-day. I need not go into details in this matter. It is all too familiar to the average woman; and the tragedy behind it all is her economic dependence,—compelled to go on, year after year, almost without hope, and never dreaming that it is in the political sphere, from which she is excluded, that this problem is dealt with, and the laws made which determine the economic and other conditions under which she must live. But a great social change is impending. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when the work of women in the home included the manufacture of clothing and of many useful and necessary articles of domestic use, all of which now constitute special industries. The domestic sphere then was also an industrial sphere. Later the invention of machinery and the specialization of manufacture took this work out of the home. Women, therefore, in going into the modern factories, have not usurped man's place in the industrial world; she has simply followed her own work; but, where she formerly did it individually, she now does it collectively. So we see that economic evolution and progress are forcing women to realize the *human* character of their work, as distinguished from the individual, or domestic, character; and that, as politics simply means the administration of the larger, common human life, woman's share in politics cannot be evaded. If she must be amenable to laws and share responsibilities and duties, she ought necessarily to have a credited part in the making of those laws; and, I repeat, in just the degree in which any industrial or domestic occupation may be said to constitute the sphere of woman—in just that degree does politics also constitute that sphere. No party, no man and no law can permanently defeat this end. We are done with dead yesterdays; and we are working for the dawn of a new to-morrow.

Women are awakening to their situation all over the world. The sex revolt is universal. No longer are they willing to be in the same political class with idiots, minors, criminals and paupers. I am proud to say that the Socialist Party, recognizing that women, no less than men, are a factor in the industrial world, and that they, as well as men, have economic interests at stake, has, both by precept and example, placed itself squarely for sex equality. I would ask the women who are working for political liberty alone—which is good as far as it goes—to go a step further, and fight at the same time for their economic freedom; in other words, to study Socialism, to join and work with that political party which represents the future and economic freedom for all.

Woman is confronted by the same economic problem as man. If the abolition of the wage system is necessary for the workingman, it is almost a life-and-death necessity for the workingwoman. Until it is brought about no woman can complete a happy and well-rounded existence. By all means let us work for universal suffrage, but at the same time, let us remember that economic freedom is the only security for political liberty. Let us realize that for woman as well as for man the open door is through the abolition of wage slavery. First of all, let us be convinced that the real salvation of us women lies through a new economic system; and already the dial of time is marking the hour of woman's emancipation.

Our Winter Study Course

TEXT BOOK—SPARGO'S "BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

Lesson II, Chap. I, continued. Pages 33-56.

Main points to be noted: Sections 7 and 8, deal with high mortality of young children as connected with the employment of their mothers either in industries carried on within or outside of the home. "Little Mothers." Section 9. Employment of pregnant women and the effect upon the child. Section 10. Poverty and stillbirths. Employment of unskilful and untrained midwives. Section 11. Charity an utter failure in meeting the problem of poverty in general, and childhood's poverty in particular.

In this month's issue of WILSHIRE'S we begin the Children's Department, which is to be a permanent feature. Contributions for the Children's Page are earnestly solicited. These contributions must be short, owing to the limited space at our disposal. We especially desire poems, plays, stories, and simple propaganda articles. Address all letters to Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire, Editor of Children's Page.

It is the desire of the National Organizer of the W. N. P. L. to place local organizers in the field. Those who would like to volunteer to do this work in their locality should write at once to Miss Walling, National Organizer. All expenses of the work will be defrayed by the W. N. P. L., literature and suggestions provided.

Mrs. Rose Maass, of the Rock Island Branch of the W. N. P. L., has become the organizer for her section of Illinois and the nearby section of Iowa. All women in that locality who wish to start a branch of the League, should write to Mrs. Maass, 423 Fifth avenue, Moline, Ill., who will gladly assist them in the work of organization.

Women Jailed in Spokane

WHAT is perhaps the most stubborn and bitterly contested fight for free speech on the part of the workingmen is now in progress at Spokane, Wash., where the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World are putting up a fight with the municipal authorities of a kind that should secure the admiration and support of all Socialist workingmen. Over four hundred of these champions of free speech have been jailed, among them many women, and all have been subjected to the most revolting and cruel tortures that can be devised by a brutal police force. From all over the country members of the organization have been pouring into Spokane to do their part in the struggle, most of them being arrested and sentenced almost on arrival. What the outcome may eventually be, at this writing it is impossible to say as both sides seem apparently determined to fight the contest to the bitter end. The program of the Industrial Workers of the World constitute such an immediate menace to local capitalistic interests that it is not easy to see how the latter can well abandon the struggle, and we fear that before the conflict is over, many of the most aggressive of the I. W. W. membership—and they are all Socialists—are likely to become the victims of mass murder on the part of the authorities, the latter being seemingly quite capable of such a procedure.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

WE want the children to take this page for their very own. They can do with it as they like. Write letters telling us what you would like on this page. We know there must be something you would like very much indeed. Your letters, your little stories, your plays, your poems, will be given a place of honor in these columns. Wouldn't it be fine to write something nice enough to be published? Send anything you may write to the Editor of the Children's Page, who loves children, big and little, more than anything else in the world, and you may be sure she will take as much interest in your work as your own mother does.

SOCIALIST LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

LESSON III:
What Father Does.

What is father?

He is a worker, one of those who make the world's food, clothes and homes. He is a wage-earner, that is, a man who works for a boss.

What kind of work does father do?

He may be a farm worker, a miner, a flour miller, a baker, a carpenter, a bricklayer, a steel worker, a tailor or some kind of a worker.

Why does father work for a boss?

Because he does not own the tools with which he works, because someone else owns his job.

In how many ways can a man get a living?

There are three ways: work for a living, beg for a living, or steal a living.

What does father get for his toil?

He gets what the horse gets—an existence. He usually gets just enough food, clothes and shelter for himself and his family to keep them alive. He must have these things so as to be able to work. His family must have them so that the children may grow up and become workers.

How does father work?

He works with a number of fellow workers, each doing a part of the work, and all together doing much more work than any one of them could do.

Why doesn't father get all he makes?

The worker doesn't receive the full product of his labor because the boss gets a profit out of it. Profit is robbery because the boss gives the worker nothing for what he takes.

What does the worker's family get?

No matter how hard father may work the family usually gets merely an animal existence. And even this depends upon father's job and mother's strength. If father has no work the family must eat less food and suffer for clothes. If mother's strength fails the children will suffer for lack of care. Finally, if one, or more, of the children is sick, the rest of the family will suffer for care because mother will be overworked taking care of the sick child. So, you see, the happiness of the family depends on the health and good nature of each of its members.

LOVE'S PATRIOT

By ERNEST CROSBY

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not at the battle-flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over-sea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love
And a patriot there am I."

"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your land of Love,
Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

LESSON IV:
Why Children Play.

Why do children play?

Because play is a joyful expression of the powers of a child. It exercises the muscles and brain of the child, and it also brings the child into contact with its fellows. Play is the expression of the child's curiosity about himself and his playmates, shows their strength and cunning and imagination. It is an expression of the child's desire.

What is play?

Play is putting the muscles and the brain to a new use, the solving of a problem. Play is very largely imitation by the child of what others do. Play is a make-believe world, an imitation of others, especially of grown-ups.

What does play teach?

Play tests every physical and mental power in the child, and by the joyful exercise of those powers they are perfected by games and contests. Play prepares the child for the work of later life by teaching him how to use his muscles and brain. As the child grows his play becomes more and more social in nature. Play develops the social side of the child's nature and teaches the value of comrades. The chief lesson, and the most valuable, the child is taught by play is that if he would be happy he must consider others, for happiness is impossible alone. In other words, the child learns that if he would be happy at play all of his playmates must also be happy.

A Book for Children

No better work for the use of Socialist Sunday Schools and Young People's Socialist Societies can be found than John Spargo's new volume, "Socialist Readings for Children." The volume is strongly and handsomely bound in cloth, printed in large, easily read type, and contains many artistic illustrations. This work was published by the Woman's National Protective League, for the special purpose of providing young people with suitable reading calculated to interest them in Socialism. A special discount will be allowed on taking a quantity. The price per copy, cloth bound, is One Dollar, and we have also on hand a limited quantity bound in paper covers, which sell at 50 cents each. These books have the same type and paper cover as the cloth bound edition.

Send all orders to Woman's National Progressive League, 200 William Street, New York.

ECONOMICS—SCIENCE—INVENTION

The municipality of Baltimore is investigating the cost of lighting the streets and will in all probability establish a municipal electric plant for that purpose when the contract with the present private company expires next September.

The British Government is about to take over the Marconi wireless stations existing on the British coasts, and incorporate them with the Post Office Department, and will build more stations as commercial needs require.

The Chilean Government, which owns most of the railroads of the country, is now constructing locomotives for service on its roads and is also establishing plants for the supply of all equipment and rolling stock needed.

Last year the municipal street car system of Manchester, England, earned a gross revenue of $1,345,507, and carried one hundred and fifty-five million passengers, 67 per cent. of whom paid two cents as their fare.

The Brazilian Government has taken over the Lloyds Braziliero, the largest steam shipping line of the country. It holds two thirds of the stock and will have absolute control.

The American consul at Nuremberg, Germany, has worked out a table of rates of passenger transportation in Europe on Government and privately owned railroads. In every case the government roads carry the passenger for a lower fare.

Owing to the high prices charged by private pharmacies, the municipal authorities of St. Petersburg, Russia, have established a drug store from which pure drugs will be dispensed to the public at 20 per cent. less than charged by private concerns. It will also supply the municipal hospitals and sanitary department of the city.

Many of the Birmingham, (Eng.), factories are discarding their steam power in order to avail themselves of the municipally owned electric power which the city has for sale since it bought out the local electric trust. The power is supplied much cheaper than the individual factories can generate it themselves.

Pasadena, California, has established a municipal electric power plant and will supply residents with power at the rate of three cents per kilowatt hour. The New York Edison Company charges ten cents a kilowatt hour for the same service. The manager of the Pasadena plant, Mr. C. W. Kolner, says, "Although this is the lowest rate in the United States, we can make money at this figure, pay interest on the bonds and establish a sinking fund. It is a triumph for municipal ownership of an electric generating plant."

During 1908 the municipally owned street railroads of Vienna, a city of about two million population killed two people in accidents, and injured 155 out of 45,000,000 carried for the year, on thirty-six miles of track.

The Belfast Street Railways, owned and operated by the municipality, last year carried nearly 46,000,000 passengers at an average fare of 0.86 of a cent per mile and made a net profit of $183,206.

Of the thirty-five million acres of forest in the German Empire, nearly 32 per cent. belongs to the State. In fifty-four years of scientific forestry the value of timber per acre has increased sevenfold, while the forests are in better condition than ever before.

A machine by which the weight of a ship's cargo can be accurately recorded while afloat in the vessel has recently been tried successfully in Europe, and will displace hundreds of laborers heretofore occupied in weighing cargoes after discharge on the docks.

The Imperial German Government is installing an automatic telephone system in connection with the Post Office which requires no central to make the desired connection, each subscriber being his own exchange. The German "hello" girl's finish is in sight as the installation becomes complete.

A successful test of the gyroscope monorail car invented by Mr. Louis Brennan was recently made in England. The car weighing 22 tons and controlled by two fifteen hundred pound gyroscopes revolving in opposite directions, carried forty passengers. The trial was most successful, the passengers trying to upset the car by crowding to one side, the gyroscopes preserving the equilibrium perfectly despite their efforts

The "sandwich-man," that unfortunate creature used as a walking advertisement, is not to be left unaffected by the march of progress. A roller sandwich board has been designed for him which changes the advertisements as he walks along, the gear being attached to his leg in such manner that he supplies the motive power necessary to change the advertisement. One "sandwich-man" thus equipped will, it is said, do the work of four. The advertisement changes every twenty steps.

A new hotel has just been erected in Chicago in which all the kitchen work is performed with electric appliances. Dumb waiters, dish washers, dough mixing, vegetable paring, and silver polishing are all operated with electric machinery. The hotel laundry is operated completely by electric devices, also.

In the next Antarctic expedition the exploring ship will be provided with a wireless telegraph apparatus sufficiently powerful to keep the outside world constantly informed of the progress made by the exploration party.

A reversible turbine has been invented by an Italian engineer which will work with equal power or speed in both directions, and has no blades or vanes to get out of order. It can be built in all sizes from five to fifty thousand horse power.

Peat deposits in Ireland covering 2,800,000 acres, and giving 18,231 tons to the acre are calculated to have a caloric value equal to that of 5,104,000,000 tons of coal, and are at present being considered as a factor in the generation of electrical energy.

Steel railway ties are rapidly displacing the wooden article in Europe, a step made necessary to prevent the too rapid destruction of the forests. On several American railroads steel ties are now being introduced. They can be produced for $30 a ton, or much less than the cost of wooden ties at present in Europe.

Commercial advertising of aeroplanes has already appeared in several American and European publications. Plants for the manufacture of aeroplanes for the market are already established in France, Germany and the United States.

An Australian inventor has evolved an apparatus for marking the location of a wrecked vessel. It is in the form of a buoy and is automatically released as the vessel sinks, a complicated wire attachment holding it permanently over the spot.

The tobacco monopoly of the Italian government produced last year a net profit of nearly $37,000,000.

Recently the value of the nationally owned railroads of Japan has been announced as about $250,000,000.

American capital invested in industrial enterprises in Canada is now estimated at about $125,000,000, and is being rapidly increased.

The Chilean government has now under construction no less than sixteen different railway lines and extensions costing upwards of $25,000,000.

During the present year the Japanese Government will expend about ten million dollars on the extension and improvement of the government railroads.

The Argentine Government will undertake the construction and operation of three new railroad lines immediately, and has voted $8,000,000 for preliminary expenses.

A recent geological survey of Brazil having shown the existence of immense iron ore deposits, the government has decided to work the mines and establish mills and foundries for the manufacture of iron and steel products of all kinds.

In the last four years the deposits in the Government Postal Savings Bank in Japan have increased from $19,000,000 in over $42,000,000, while in the same period deposits in private banks increased only from $33,000,000 to $55,000,000.

Building with concrete material has received an impetus in the invention of a machine that can turn out no less than forty thousand enamelled concrete blocks in a working day of ten hours. The machine saves a tremendous amount of labor and expense as compared with older processes of block making.

Hens' eggs in China retail at present at from five to seven cents per dozen. It is not generally known that there is no country in the world where there are so many domestic fowls as in the Celestial Empire. There is an enormous export trade in albumen and egg yolks which is rapidly growing.

Old age pensioners in Great Britain and Ireland number 667,000, and have received in the last eight months a sum of $26,398,565. English pensioners number 410,000; Irish, 184,000, and Scotch, 73,000. It is estimated that nearly $39,000,000 will be required for the entire year, or one fourth more than the original calculation.

Cotton spinning machinery of Japanese manufacture is being installed in South China where cotton is now being grown on a considerable scale. The machinery, it is said, besides being much more suitable than British or American, is laid down at a price that defies European or American competition. The entire cotton trade of South China has practically passed into Japanese control.

A recent calculation places the total of British capital invested in foreign countries at the stupendous figure of thirteen billion dollars. This brings an annual income of $387,000,000 on private ventures, while capital loaned to foreign public companies yields an additional $283,000,000, or a total of $670,000,000 annually. This calculation takes no account of the interest upon money deposited in Indian, colonial and foreign banks by residents of Great Britain, nor the income from capital privately invested abroad of which no record exists.

The Magician's Downfall

By JOHN R. McMAHON

ONCE upon a time a workingman, who was tramping about the world looking for a job, came to the empire of a great magician. Somehow the police failed to arrest him as a vagrant not having visible means of support, and so he walked right up a grand avenue to the palace of the ruler. It happened that the magician was eating his dinner and had just finished the tenth course, consisting of peacocks' tongues stewed in champagne, when he saw the workingman through the palace window and had him brought in.

"Well, my man," said the magician, wiping his fat lips with a napkin, "who are you and what are you doing around here?"

"I'm an honest workingman, sir," replied the other, "and I'm looking for a job."

"Looking for a job, eh? Well, that amuses me."

"Humbly beg your pardon, sir—didn't mean no harm," stammered the workingman, glancing out of the tail of his eye at a uniformed fellow he thought was the chief of police but who was really a butler.

"I see you're a stranger around these parts," said the magician, "and while I might have you boiled in oil, or something, for trespassing, I'll give you a chance to amuse me. I'm about sick of the dough-headed parrots in my empire, from the archbishop and the prime minister down, and I want to chat with an outsider."

"Thank you kindly, your honor," said the workingman, touching his cap, while his eyes were fixed on the food, and the water began to run down the corners of his mouth.

"Say, are you hungry?"

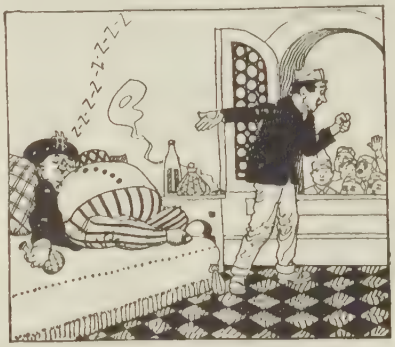
"Haven't had anything to eat since day before yesterday, boss—sir——"

"Fetch a plate of the servants' beef stew for this fellow," ordered the magician, "and while you're about it, get also another plate for the dog."

The workingman fell on the plate of stew ravenously, finished a big hunk of coarse bread, and drank down a small bottle of wine which was not properly cooled to suit the magician's palate. The magician also gave him a good cigar with a broken wrapper, and the workingman began to feel quite happy as the smoke wreaths curled above his head.

It seems that the magician did not care so much to hear the workingman talk as he did to talk himself. Perhaps he had an extra lot of wine aboard this day, and no doubt he *was* sick of the dough-headed parrots of his empire who always fully agreed with him.

"I am an honest workingman, sir, looking for a job"



"Friends, I am going to expose your Magician"

"Did you notice the magnificence of my cities, my factories, my farm lands, my oil wells and my coal mines, as you came along?" asked the magician.

"Yes, your honor, I did that."

"Did anybody tell you how all that wealth was created?"

"I heard some talk about a magician, your honor."

"Ha, ha! I'm the magician, my good fellow. All the riches of this empire were created by me. I have a little wand made out of three kinds of wood and two minerals, capped with gold and a diamond the size of your fist, and all I have to do to build a city or a railroad, or gather a crop of wheat, or dig an oil well or a coal mine, is to just wave that wand and say 'Migglety, higglety, push!'"

"Is that all you have to do?" asked the workingman, not meaning a double meaning.

"Don't you believe it?" retorted the magician as he loosened his belt, leaned back and put his feet on the table.

"I'm from Missouri," said the workingman, emboldened by the small bottle he had consumed.

"You're a dangerous man," replied the magician, grinning.

"Let me see the wand," said the workingman.

"No," laughed the magician, tossing some liqueur into his fat throat. "I'll show you a bigger wonder than that. Rather, I'll tell you. I have in my empire 23,476,879 men that look just like you, and every mother's son believes that wand yarn as if it was gospel. Haw, haw, haw! . . . Honest to heaven, I nearly got apoplexy and heart disease laughing over those 23,476,879 suckers. Every time I trot out that wand yarn I'm afraid I'll bust a blood vessel laughing over the loyal and patriotic galoots of my empire. It's getting too much of a joke for my health. I have the greatest aggregation of prune-headed yaps that the sun ever shone on. Why, every year about a million and a half of 'em get slaughtered or hurt in my industries, and not a peep do they make. As I was saying . . . ash I was shaying . . . all yaps an' shuckers . . . chumps . . . damphool idiots . . . I feel sheepy, ol' fel'."

"You dirty scoundrel," muttered the workingman, looking down at the insensible body of the magician.

There was a noise outside the palace and the workingman saw a crowd of the magician's subjects, ragged, lean and hungry, arriving to give their homage and beg for the favor of the wand. A sudden thought struck the workingman. He rushed out to the palace steps and addressed the crowd.

"Friends and brothers," he shouted. "I'm going to expose your magician. He's a cheap faker and a dirty beast into the bargain. He's fooled you long enough. His magic don't amount to a plugged nickel. He don't create any wealth, he plays you for a lot of suckers. The magic is that you do all the work and he gets all the wealth. Instead of helping you, he lives off you and starves and kills you!"

There was an instant of deep silence. The kitchen servants turned pale.

"Treason," bellowed a pot-bellied official, who came out of the side entrance of the palace with a lot of other dignitaries.

"Don't listen to this agitator," shrieked an understrapper.

The people chased him sixteen times around the palace.

"Free speech—give him a chanst to talk," suggested a one-armed member of the mob.

"Yep, constitutional rights," added another.

"No one has a right to attack our beloved ruler," roared the pot-bellied official.

"It is blasphemy," groaned a red-nosed archbishop.

"It is contempt of court," snorted a yellow-faced justice of the Supreme Court.

"Wake up! Wake up!" shouted the workingman. "Are you people going to have the wool pulled over your eyes by a gang that feeds out of the magician's swill trough? I'm telling you facts that you must see and know yourselves. All the wealth of this country is yours; you made it with your own sweat and blood. Forget the wand! The magician is playing you for a cross between a nut and a monkey. He's a crook an' a humbug. If you are men instead of cows that want to be milked twice a day and don't care who does it, get rid of him! Kick him out of the palace and take possession of your own country!"

Amid the groans and hisses of the clergy, the officials and the Judges—who threatened to issue an injunction—someone asked:

"Don't the magician give us work?"

"Sure," replied the workingman, "and he keeps three-fourths of the fruit of your labor, leaving you just enough to starve on."

"Suppose we got rid of him, how about dividing up?" asked another.

"Maybe you ain't dividing up anything now?" retorted the workingman. "You get 25 cents on the dollar; the magician, who is a loafer and never did a tap of work in his life, takes the rest."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a professor of the magician's subsidized university, "our honored ruler works more than most of his subjects."

"Maybe he works like a burglar," conceded the workingman, "or more like a dip, emptyin' the pockets of 23,476,879 lushes who are dead to the world. He works them easy."

"Nevertheless, sir, the interests of the magician and his people are identical," said the professor.

"He makes a dent in his people's pockets all right," replied the workingman. "You can gamble he's the identical robber."

"Tell us how to get rid of him," shouted the people.

"I should say the best way would be to grab him by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants, and throw him out of the back door. There are other ways, too. Have you people got a vote?"

"Yes. But it never did us any good."

"The reason is you always voted for the magician's stool-pigeons. Just try the effect of voting for yourselves once. It'll help to count noses, anyhow, and show you how many suckers are left in the land."

"One moment, sir," interposed the professor, "your suggestions are revolutionary. Now, many of us believe that society needs reform. But evolution, not revolution, should be the motto. Vested rights must be respected. It would be injustice to expropriate the magician suddenly."

"I don't know what sort of pills you cook in college, Professor," replied the workingman, "but it seems to me this one was made out of equal parts of gall and gas. When I catch a mosquito on me I don't show it special consideration because it's been biting me a long time."

"It will break up the Home!"

"You can't change human nature!"

"It is irreligious!"

"It is unscientific!"

"It is unconstitutional!"

Thus babbled the officials and other parasites of the magician, seeing that the people applauded the words of the workingman.

Just then the magician, blear-eyed and stupid, staggered out of the banquet hall and onto the palace steps.

"Here he is," shouted the workingman. "That's the drunken loafer that you worship. I told you to vote him out. Maybe it would be a neater and quicker job to kick him out!"

"Down with the magician!" roared the people and made a rush for him.

"Don't do it! It's a moral and physical impossibility!" squealed the group of parasites.

The magician, seeing his dupes coming for him, became suddenly sober and made a lot of magic signs and screwed up his face horribly and rattled off "Migglety, higglety, push!" half a dozen times. When he saw that this did no good, he yelled "Police!" and called for the army, which had thrown down its arms. Then he began to shriek and remind the people of all the rebates he had given them in the form of libraries, colleges, orphan homes, hospitals, lunatic asylums, jails, churches, bull-pens and so forth. He promised the people anti-injunction bills, old age pensions, shorter work-day and all kinds of reforms if they would only be good and let him alone.

But the people grabbed him by the seat of his pants, threw him into the courtyard fountain, chased him sixteen times around the palace, branded his back with the word *Faker,* tarred and feathered him, put him in a balloon and sent him skyward with a warning not to descend within the borders of his former empire. As for the officials, judges, bishops and professors, each one was soused in dish water in the palace kitchen sink and then set to work peeling potatoes.

After this the people established a Socialist republic in which every man and woman got the full product of his labor and there was a short work day and a merry life, and poverty, fear and disease were banished.

The workingman who had tipped off the people about the magician went back to his own country for a visit, and on the way passed through several other countries. He found to his surprise that every country in the world had a magician, or a capitalist system—which amounted to the same thing as a magician—robbing the people. But it made him rejoice to learn that millions of people in all these countries were getting wise to the magician game, and that Socialist Republics were soon to be established all over the world.

Any book mentioned in these columns can be procured from the Wilshire Book Co. Unless otherwise stated, prices do not include postage.

FREE PRESS ANTHOLOGY. By Theodore Schroeder. Cloth, 280 pp. $2.00. Truth Seeker Co., Publishers, 62 Vesey Street, New York.

Just at present, when the liberty of the press and free speech in this country is being seriously threatened, Dr. Schroeder's compilation is exceedingly timely and should prove particularly useful to Socialists and others who from time to time are compelled to defend these principles. Dr. Schroeder has seemingly collected and selected the most forcible and trenchant utterances on these subjects from the pens and speeches of the world's most famous writers and orators. So far as we know, there is no other work of this kind extant, and we particularly recommend this volume as indispensable to the libraries of Socialist locals, as well as to individual students, as it contains a wealth of argument in advocacy of free speech and press that is invaluable to those who may be called on to defend those principles by voice or pen.

The volume opens with a reproduction of John Milton's famous "Aeropagitica," perhaps the finest classic on this subject in the English language. This is followed by extracts from the writings of the great liberal philosophers of all countries, amongst whom may be mentioned Spinoza, Locke, Voltaire, Bentham, Mill, Huxley, Spencer and Lecky. A third chapter entitled, "Laconics of Toleration and Free Inquiry," gives shorter excerpts from a multitude of writers and thinkers upon this subject. Chapter IV reproduces Pierre Bayle's "Explanation Concerning Obscenities," which that great scholar was compelled to write in justification of a "Historical and Critical Dictionary," which he had prepared and published. The remaining chapters are devoted to defenses of the freedom of Sex Discussion and liberty of speech for Anarchists. An interesting appendix dealing mostly with instances of suppression of free press in this country concludes the work. We cannot too strongly recommend this excellent and timely volume, and sincerely hope that it may secure the circulation it so well merits.

OUR NOBLE FAMILIES. By Thomas Johnson. Paper, 138 pp.; 50 cents. Forward Publishing Co., Glasgow, Scotland.

The object of this work, which contains a preface by J. Ramsay McDonald, Socialist Member of the British Parliament, is principally to acquaint Scottish workingmen with the old-time methods used by their so-called "noble families" in grabbing Caledonia stern and wild. We are accustomed to think that our land-grabbing railroad financiers reached the high water mark of efficiency in land piracy, but whoever reads the historical accounts given by Mr. Johnston will agree that even as far back as the Middle Ages the Scottish land thief was perfectly familiar with all the devices employed in up-to-date land-stealing, and a few more besides, that our grabbers knew nothing of. Mr. Johnston takes care to give the historical and official documents in all cases of "conveyance" with which he deals, and some of these make mighty interesting reading. The modern Scotchman has a reputation for hardheadedness and shrewdness which is generally supposed to render him somewhat more swindle-proof than other peoples, but if this is really so, he certainly didn't inherit the trait from his ancestors, who, if Mr. Johnson's account is to be trusted, seemed to be particularly easy marks.

The general impression we receive from the book is that the mass of the Scottish people didn't care much about the land, anyway. There were a few that wanted it so badly that they simply took it. They have it now, and the question of to-day seems to us to be not so much how they got it as how to get it off them, a conclusion which one would think be quite easy for the shrewd, practical Scot to reach unaided by Socialist advice.

Books Received

HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES. By Gustavus Myers. Vol. I. Cloth, 296 pp. $1.50. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The three volumes of this work, two of which are yet to be published, can be procured for $3.50, payable in advance.

SOCIALISM FOR STUDENTS. By Joseph E. Cohen. Cloth, 153 pp. 50 cents. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FERRER. By Joseph McCabe. Cloth, 96 pp. 50 cents. Watts & Co., Fleet Street, London, England.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INFERNAL REGIONS. By Thomas F. Kennedy. Paper, 19 pp. 5 cents. Published by the author at 726 Frederick St., McKees Rocks, Pa.

THE SUBSTANCE OF SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. Cloth, 162 pp. $1.00 net. B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, New York.

EVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM. By Edward Bernstein. Cloth, 224 pp. $1.00 net. B. W. Huebsch, Publisher, New York.

LIGHT OF LIFE. By J. W. Evarts. Cloth, 485 pp. $2.00. Published by the Author, at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

LADY MECHANTE. By Gelett Burgess. Cloth, 393 pp. $1.50 net. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers, New York.

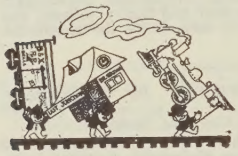
THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Prince Peter Kropotkin. Cloth, 610 pp. $2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York.

YOUR CHARACTER. By Elizabeth Towne and Catherine Struble Irving. Fancy paper cover, 96 pp. 75 cents. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

How About It?

E. J. C., Rochester, N. Y. Does the Socialist program advocate the equal division of wealth among the masses?

This "dividing-up" accusation has a strange tenacity of life though answered innumerable times. Socialism stands for collective ownership of the means of producing wealth, a position which in no sense is to be construed as a literal division of existing wealth. The idea that railroads, factories, and productive plants of all kinds are to be literally torn piecemeal and every individual given "his share," is both a ludicrous and an impossible conception, which never had or has the slightest connection with Socialism. It is the ownership of these things that will be vested in the people, a condition that calls for no division of anything. The motto of this magazine, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," certainly does not imply the disintegration and breaking up of the Trust property literally. It simply means that these properties will be owned by the public and operated for the benefit of the public instead of being owned by Rockefeller and operated for his benefit.



J. G. W., Oakland, Cal. Does the Socialist Party advocate physical force as a method of taking over the industries of the nation?

No Socialist in this country advocates physical force. It will not be needed if the capitalists fail to induce a sufficient number of workingmen to fight for the maintenance of their (the capitalist's) property. There are not now enough capitalists to make physical force effective, and there will be much less when the time arrives for the transformation of capitalist into collective property. Physical force is only possible while the capitalist boast of being able to set "one-half of the workingmen to shoot down the other half" stands good. If this fails, the necessity for physical force disappears, and it is exactly this situation that Socialists are trying to bring about by their teaching and propaganda.

P. J. M., Alameda, Cal.—Is there any truth in the statement that Socialists intend to abolish marriage when their system is established?

None whatever. This silly charge has probably grown out of the fact that Socialists recognize, as do all scientists and thinkers, that marriage and sex relations change with changing economic systems. On this subject see Engel's "Origin of the Family," which you can procure from the Wilshire Book Company for 50 cents. The anti-Socialist simply twists change into abolition, believing in his ignorance that present sex relations have always existed unchanged, as we have them at present. The mutual attraction that brings two people of the opposite sex into the marriage relation, is indestructible and beyond the power of Socialism to abolish even if that were the intention of Socialists. On the contrary, however, the Socialists state where two of opposite sexes can meet on a plane of economic equality will make marriage a much higher and purer relation than it is at present. And this is the only change Socialism will bring—a change not enacted by any law, but brought about by the changed environment.

F. L. M., Corinth, Miss.—Why is it that WILSHIRE'S *doesn't reply to Tom Watson's recent attack on Socialism?*

For several reasons. First, the limitations of space. Second, we never heard of the attack you mention. Third, we don't know who Watson may be, unless perhaps you mean a person of that name who has been a candidate some time ago of a defunct political group once known as Populists. If this is the person you mean there is no reason why WILSHIRE'S should interfere with his pastime. It no doubt amuses him, and certainly does Socialism no harm.

To secure and maintain the "right of free speech," power is much more effective than petitions.

Possibly Standard Oil means to obey that order of dissolution after it has paid its twenty-nine million dollar fine.

It will be observed that we didn't have to wait for Socialism to establish the "three minute divorce" as a permanent institution.

That declaration that "the Government will never rest until it has utterly destroyed the Sugar Trust" is just too sweet for anything—even belief.

Nobody has, to our knowledge, as yet raised the objection as to what we will do with the children who "won't work under Socialism."

Just because God is reported to have once said, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," it doesn't follow that the sweatshop exists by divine sanction.

After all, the lives of workingmen are of some importance. The mine disaster in Illinois got nearly as much press space as did the news concerning the missing Colonel Astor and his yacht.

In capturing fourteen out of sixteen seats in the Berlin Council, the German Socialists appear to repudiate the dividing up policy in a political sense at any rate.

A religion which opposes Socialism is as false as a Socialism which opposes religion, but this fact has no relation whatever to any of the organized churches at present existing.

That insistent demand of capital for "a stable government" isn't necessarily inspired by solicitude for the comfortable accommodation of its working class mules.

We suspect that Mr. Rockefeller isn't quite prepared to furnish the dear public with "a grand dissolving view" of his Trust, as ordered by the Court. However, pending future developments he will furnish them with oil instead.

Of course, a magazine without advertising looks strange, but then we want to attract strange people—that is, people who are strangers to Socialism.

Our motto is, "Let The Nation Own The Trust." Say you saw this "ad" in WILSHIRE'S.

Henceforth, WILSHIRE'S will depend for its circulation on people who read articles rather than people who read advertisements.

"Blubberous Greenland"

THAT the farce-tragedy of the Carlo De Fornaro libel case has not escaped the notice of the newspaper humorists may be seen from the following skit by Wex Jones, one of the cleverest satirists writing for Hearst's *New York American*:

Smith Guilty—Ten Years

Ten years was the sentence given Carlo Smith, who was found guilty of criminal libel.

The case was one of unusual interest, the plaintiffs being Etookishook and Iwelsh, Eskimo citizens, who accompanied Dr. Snook on his dash from Brooklyn to the North Pole.

Carlo Smith has made a close study of conditions in Greenland and the Arctic, and as a esult of his investigations he wrote a book called "Blubberous Greenland." In this Mr. Smith stated that the entire population trafficked in blubber, and that any official could be bought for a pound of it. He made other attacks on the government, especially on the graft in connection with the snow removal contracts. He characterized this work as an absolute farce, some of the snow being left on the ground for years and years. In fact, Mr. Smith declared, in spots the snow had been allowed to lie for hundreds of years, so that it had formed glaciers.

It was not to this part of the book, however, that Etookishook and Iwelsh objected. It was to the description of their trip with Dr. Snook, the famous explorer.

Carlo Smith's description of the "dash" to the Pole said:

"Etookishook and Iwelsh—is there any hidden joke in these names?—were ignorant Eskimos of low standing.

"What is their testimony worth? Nothing, absolutely nothing. They knew nothing of instruments; they couldn't tell whether they were at the Pole or a barber shop."

Counsel for the Eskimos, in an impassioned address to the jury, dwelt upon the cruel gibe at the names of his clients—names which had been borne honorably by their ancestors for hundreds of years back.

"As to the statement," said counsel, "that these gentlemen are of low standing—why, each of them stands five feet, which is far above the average in their community.

"'They know nothing of instruments,' says this sneering Smith. Why, gentlemen of the jury, Etookishook has taken his name from his skill in sewing walrus skin with bone hooks. Iwelsh is the inventor of a patent snow shovel. Know nothing of instruments, forsooth!

"And, gentlemen, consider the concluding statement in this despicable libel. This Smith says, 'They couldn't tell whether they were at the Pole or a barber shop.'

"What is this? A contemptible sneer at the whiskers worn by these gentlemen. Now, gentlemen of the jury, whiskers in this country may be a luxury—I notice some of your intelligent faces are well set off by handsome growths—but to the Eskimo they are a necessity, and if it isn't criminal libel to sneer at his tried protectors from the icy blasts, then there is no such thing as criminal libel, and the section relating thereto might as well be expunged from the statutes."

Although it was shown that "Blubberous Greenland" was printed in Eskimo, and that only one copy had been sold to Pentano's, for which the author had received a royalty of one snowball, the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in prison.

To Abolish Schools

HOWEVER the clerical element in Spain may deny participation in the murder of the late Francisco Ferrer, they seem determined at least that his works or anything bearing resemblance to them, shall not live after him, as the telegram quoted below seems to indicate:

Paris, Dec. 1.—A special from Madrid, via the frontier, says that the Spanish Episcopate has petitioned the government to close all the lay and modern schools in the kingdom.

Considering that upwards of seventy per cent. of the Spanish people are unable to read or write, it would seem that the Church in Spain evidently believes that even "a little learning is a dangerous thing." On the other hand, Spain should offer an attractive field for the American anti-Socialist who proposes to "educate the people out of the fallacies of Socialism." However, the Church is right. In backward countries like Spain, education means revolution just as it means social revolution in more advanced communities.

A Socialist Gold Watch Free Weekly

Commencing with the week ending Jan. 8, 1910, and each week thereafter until further notice, we will present to the sub hustler who sends in the greatest number of subscriptions a handsome gold-filled watch, guaranteed 20 years, size 16, in hunting case, beautifully engraved with design shown in cut on this page. In each watch, on the inside of the back cover, the winner's name will be inscribed, with the statement that the watch has been presented to him for meritorious work in the cause of Socialism.

Contest for each week begins at 9:00 a. m., Monday, and closes at 1 p. m., Saturday.

The Comrade winning one of these watches will have a memorial of his work for Socialism that he will always prize, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but because of the way in which he has earned it.

But this is not all. To everyone entering this contest and sending in a list of eight subs or more in one week, we will present a beautiful gold-plated watch fob, engraved with similar design. Only one of these fobs will be given to a contestant, that is, you must send in at least eight subs to get the watch fob, but if you send in sixteen, you will not be given two.

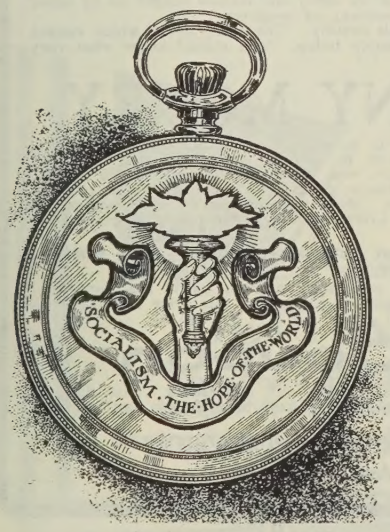
All subs will be counted for the week in which they are received. The one sending in the greatest number of subs in any week wins the watch, but no one who has won a watch can compete for another while the contest lasts. We will give at least two weeks' notice in the Magazine when it is decided to discontinue the contest.

In case of a tie, the value of the prize will be divided between those trying.

Contestants for the trip 'Round the World with Wilshire's may compete in this contest, but subs sent in on the Watch Contest will not be counted on the 'Round the World Contest. To make it plain, a 'Round the World contestant may compete for a watch without dropping out of the 'Round the World Contest, but he cannot have the subs he sends in count on both contests.

Names of winners of these watches, with the number of subs they secured, will be published each month in WILSHIRE'S. You'll be surprised to learn how easily these watches will be won.

Do not delay, but get to work at once to secure one of these watches, as well as to help the Socialist Party roll up a vote in 1910 that will pave the way for victory in the Presidential Election of 1912.



BUY A BUNDLE OF WILSHIRE'S.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, in its new form, has been designed entirely with an idea of producing a propaganda sheet for popular distribution. I expect "My Partners" to assist in this distribution. It is not by the single subscriptions that we hope to make the Magazine without commercial advertising pay its own way, but by the large circulation in bundles of from 5 to 100 for distribution by Socialists. Almost every one of "My Partners" can afford to invest at least a dollar in this magnificent work and get four copies of WILSHIRE'S each month instead of the single copy for his own use. These four copies, if judiciously loaned, will circulate our propaganda among a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and will be of great assistance in soliciting new subscriptions. Send in your order at once for a bundle at the prices given below. You will be able to increase your effectiveness as a propagandist many times over for a small sum of money.

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I HAVE looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilization.

This, then, is the claim:

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is Revolution.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor,
"Wilshire's Magazine," 200 William St., N. Y.

Dear Comrade:—

Please enter me on the Socialist Gold Watch Contest. I am enclosing you $..... for ..... subscriptions.

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